

PS

1844

.H7





Class PS 1844

Book H7

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

BY
ALICE HAWTHORNE
HAWTHORN



LEAVES
1886

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

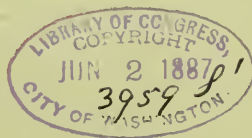
Chap. ² Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HAWTHORN LEAVES.

✓
ALICE HAWTHORNE.



Alice Hawthorne
Lansdown, R.

PS 1844

. H. 7

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Office of
Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.



1886.
GAZETTE PRESS,
Louisville.

HAWTHORN LEAVES.

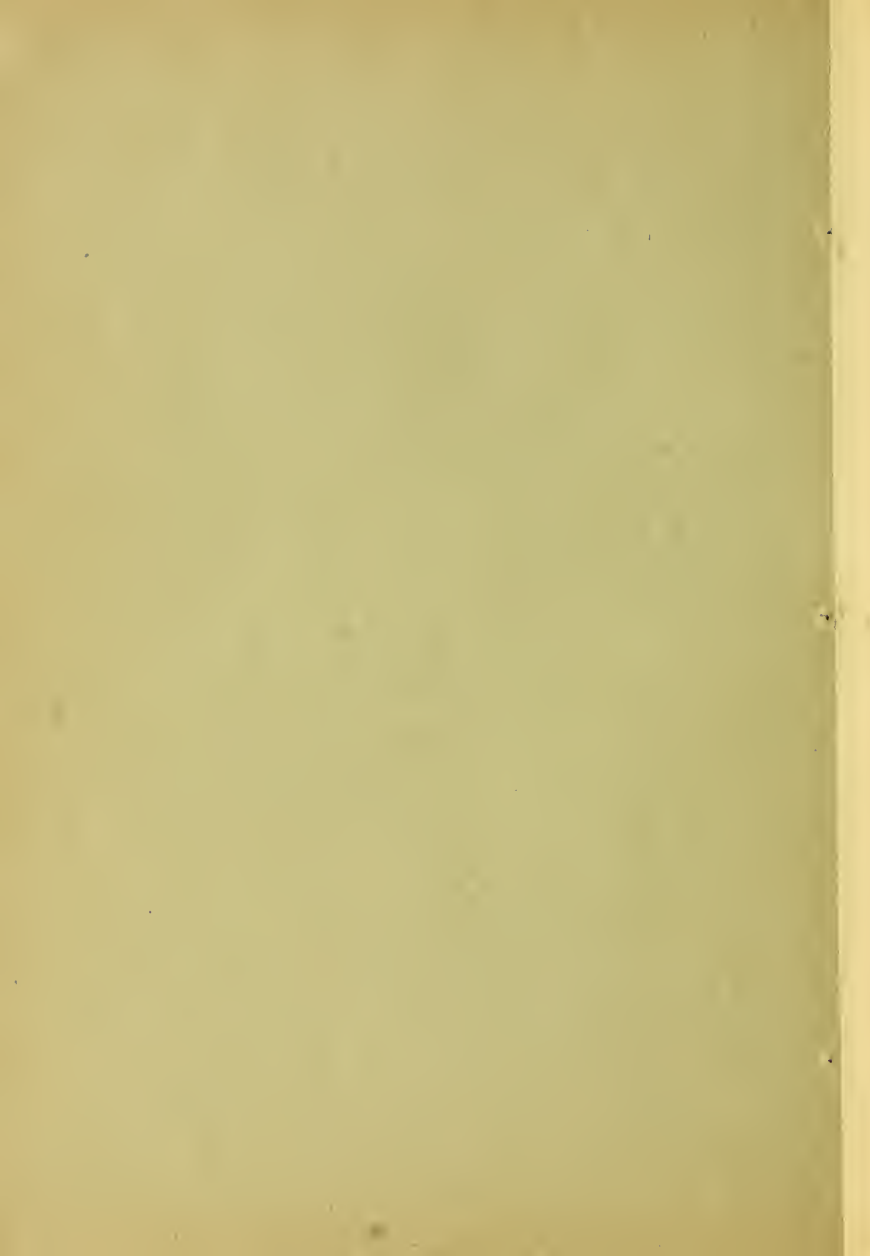
LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

THROW open the shutters, darling,
And let the sunshine in,
For the icy crown of Winter
Is on the brow of Spring.
No longer the ice will glitter
On snow-capped mountain heights,
Which chilled the weary traveler
In his ascending flights.

Throw open the shutters, darling,
And let the sunshine in—
It drives away gloom and sorrow,
And seeming clouds of sin;
It will help the weary-hearted,
And fill the soul with cheer—
'Tis a heaven sent prescription,
And we should hold it dear.

Throw open the shutters, darling,
I love the morning sun;
There's a seeming change within me,
Like new life just begun.
Hist! the robbin and the linnet
Are chirping in the tree,
And the flowers sweetly blooming,
Darling, for you and me.

Throw open the shutters, darling,
The dew drops now are dry,
The sun shines like one glorious
Bright jewel in the sky;



And since the misty clouds that were
Have floated fast away,
I hope our sorrows, one by one,
Will follow them to stay.

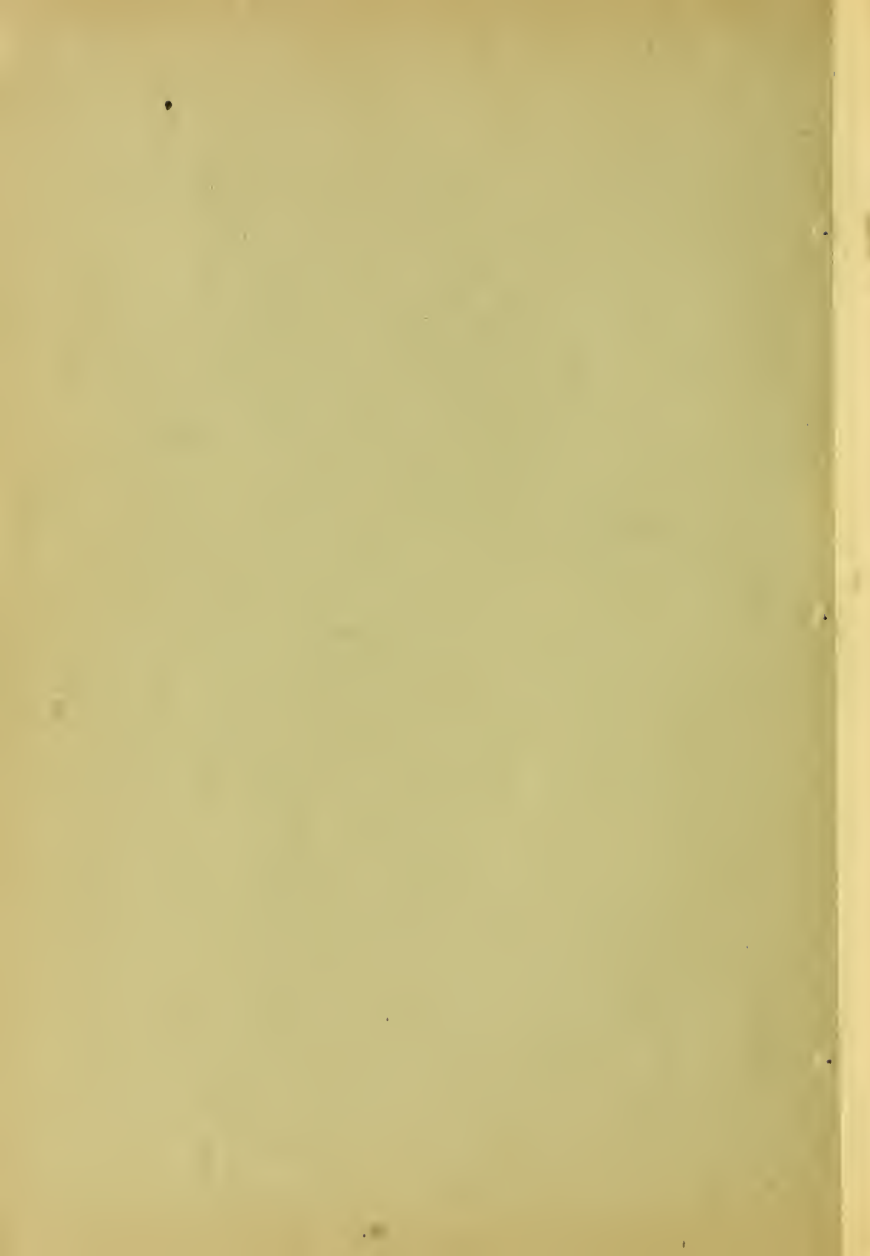
Throw open the shutters, darling,
The sun is shining bright,
It fills my heart with energy,
And with a new delight;
And the perfume of the flowers
Seem sweeter than before—
The violets 'mong the grasses
And pansies 'round the door.

Throw open the shutters, darling,
I see an angel band,
And they will take me safely through
Unto the promised land,
Where the sun is always shining,
And new life will begin—
Throw open the shutters, darling,
And let the sunshine in.

KISS ME, MOTHER DEAR.

Come and kiss me, mother dear,
While the angels hover near;
Place your hand upon my head;
Mother sit here near my bed.
How it makes my soul rejoice
When I hear my mothers's voice;
Soon I will be far away
In another world to stay.

Mother, there's a tress of hair
Lying on my forehead there;
Clip it off, I do not fear;



Give it her I love so dear.
Tell her how her Herbert died,
And how poor dear mother cried;
She will be a joy to you,
For she loved your boy so true.

Kiss me, mother dear, once more,
Angel's hover 'round the door;
They will waft my soul above,
Where I'll know my Savior's love.
Mother, I am going home,
And I'm going all alone.
You must meet me over there,
In my home so bright and fair!

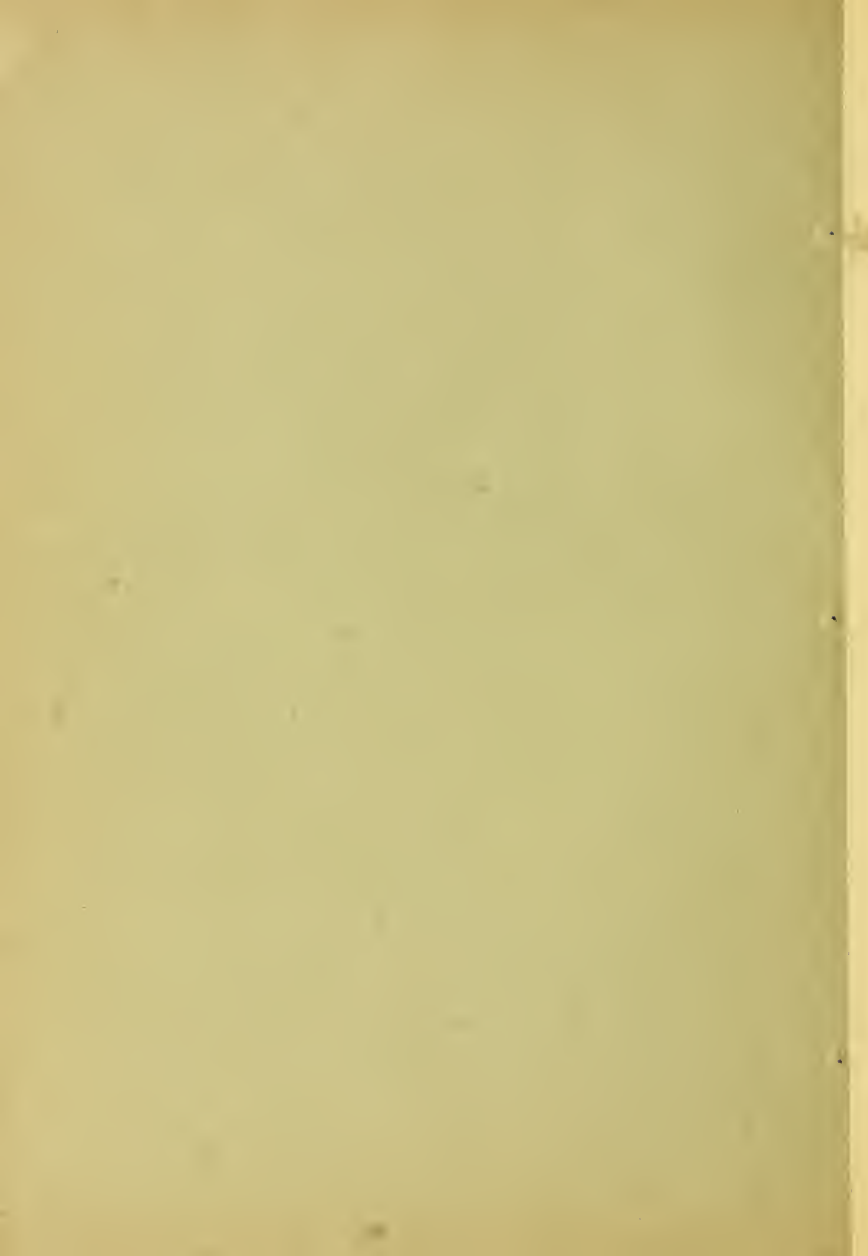
A DREAM OF HOME.

[Song.]

'Twas on a balmy summer day,
Sweet Effie in a slumber lay—
Her resting place a mossy sheen,
Her sleeping garb a suit of green.
An orphan without friends or home
Was Effie in the world alone—
No father's step, nor mother's face
Was seeking out her resting place.

The little zephyrs kissed the cheek
Of darling Effie, pure and meek,
And played with grace about her hair
That draped a face serenely fair;
Whose traces told of bitter life
Amid the din of worldly strife.
Soft zephyrs 'round sweet Effie Doan
Appeared to breathe—"She has no home."

We paused to smooth the tangled hair
That soon disturbed the sleeper fair,



And, starting from the mossy sheen,
She cried: "It was a lovely dream!"
A dream of home, and health, and joy
Would soon her bitter life destroy,
And misty angels through the gloam
Soon told her of her future home.

Again we smoothed the tangled hair,
And bathed her face serenely fair,
But all in vain, for life had fled,
And angels came to claim their dead.
They hovered near her youthful form,
While shielding it from earthly harm—
Thus fled the life of Effie Doan,
Whose warning was "A Dream of Home."

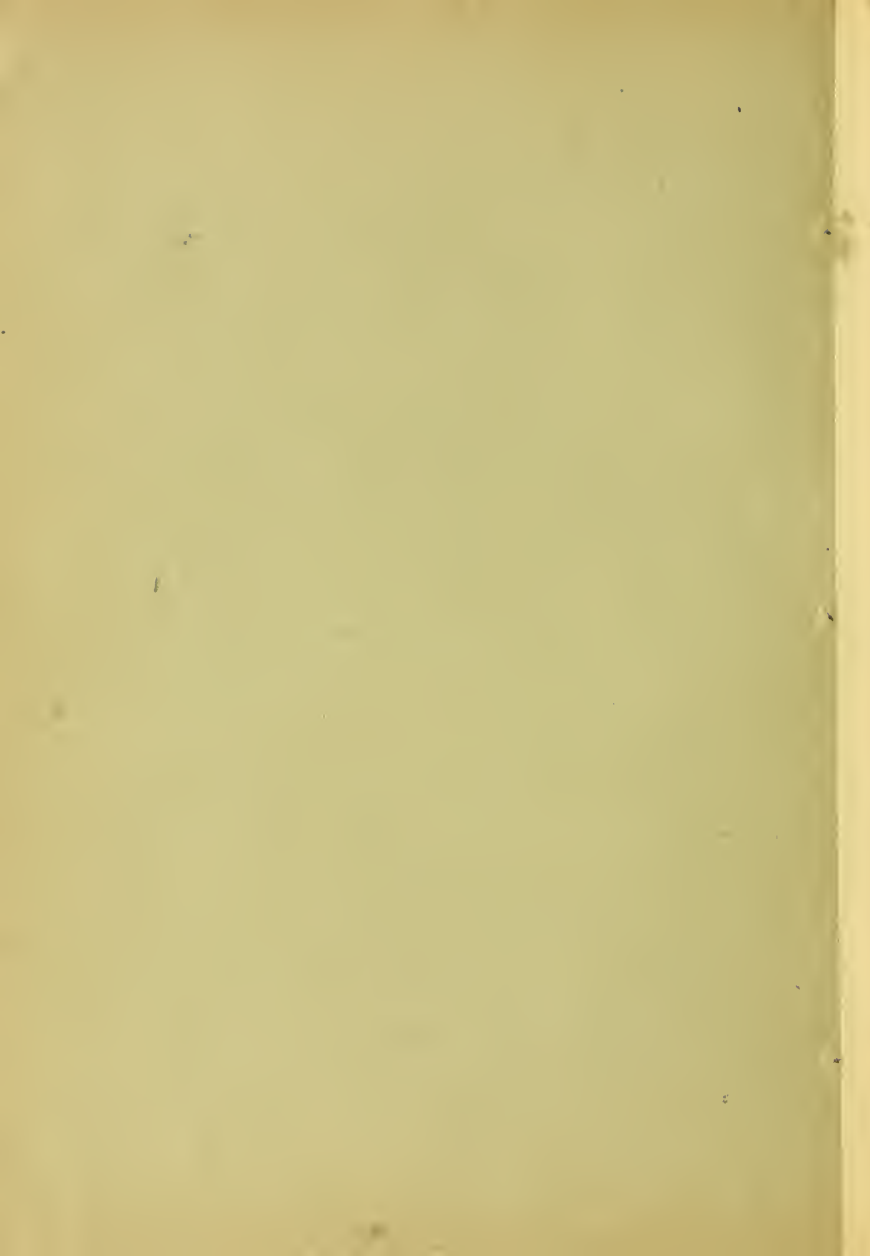
CHORUS.

Dream on, dream on, sweet Effie Doan,
While white-robed Angels guard thy form,
You will awake in Heaven's dawn
To realize your dream of home.

MY HEART IS ACHING FOR THEE.

O, my heart is aching for thee, darling,
The days are so silent and lone;
I can't brook the sigh,
Nor tears in my eye;
For my heart is aching for thee,
Aching for thee!

O, the birds are singing to me, darling.
Their carols are changing to moans;
Chirping they flutter,
Trying to mutter
To a sad heart aching for thee,
Aching for thee!



My flowers are blooming less bright, darling,
Since the day you left them with me;
 Their beauty has fled
 To live with the dead,
While my heart is aching for thee,
 Aching for thee!

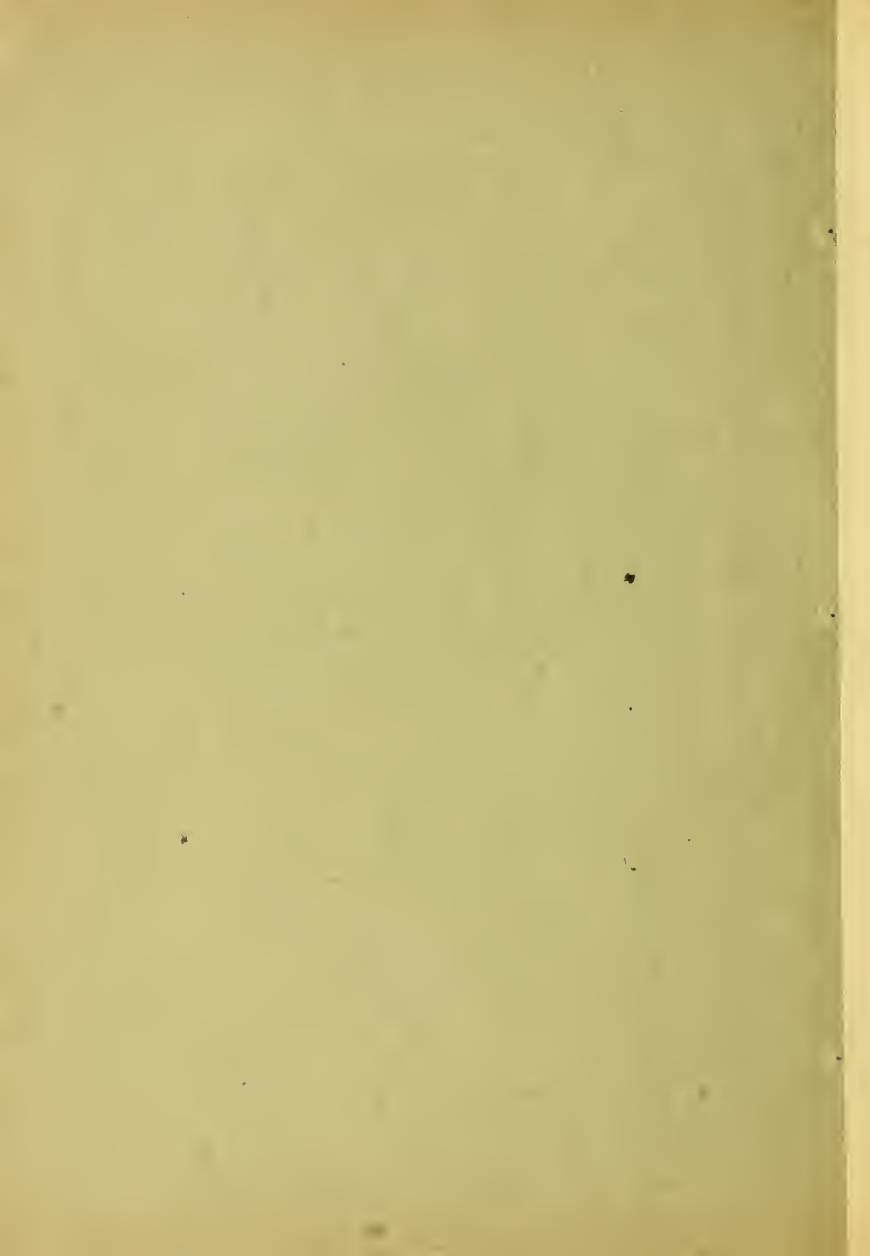
The little ones prattle the same, darling,
And ponder about mother's knee;
 They weep and they pray
 For thee night and day,
With little hearts aching for thee,
 Aching for thee!

The world is so cruel and cold, darling,
And everything cheerless to me;
 While writing I sigh,
 With tears in my eye,
For my heart is aching for thee,
 Aching for thee!

UNDER THE WILLOW.

When I am sleeping under the willow,
 The willow, the willow,
 The low drooping willow,
Will any one think of me then?
Will any one come and sit by my grave,
While low willow branches over me wave,
And softly 'mong the sweet scented clover
Sigh with the zephyrs over and over?

Will robins sing for me from the willow,
 The willow, the willow,
 The low drooping willow,
Sweet warblings I loved while on earth?
Is there a fond heart to sigh for me when



I am away from the world's busy den;
Who in charming May, when the sunlight glows,
Will bring to my grave a pretty white rose?

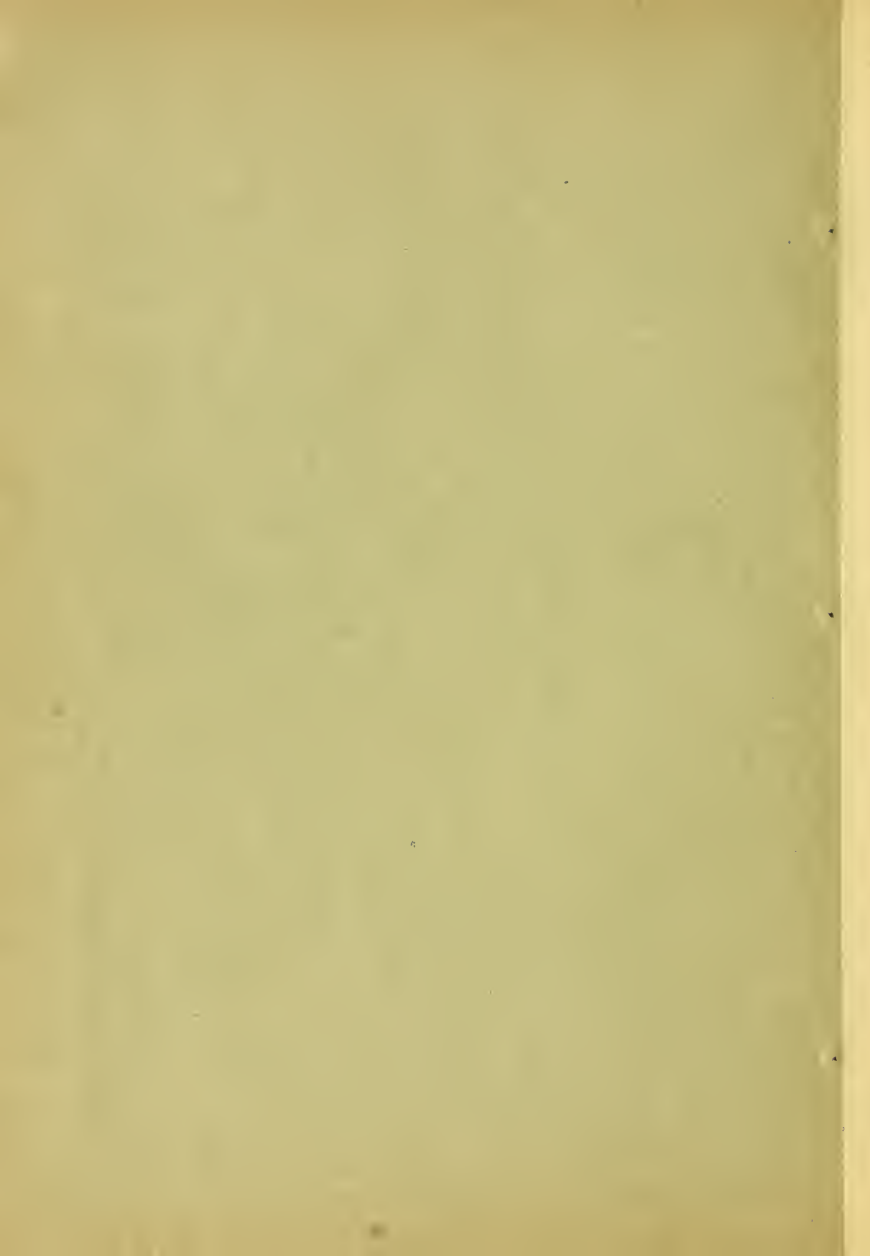
Will the mocking birds sing from the willow,
The willow, the willow,
The low drooping willow,
Sweet songlets above my lone grave?
If there are no slabs of marble and stone
Where I am asleep so silent and lone,
Nature will mark my grave with a willow,
Roses and daisies forming a pillow.

APRIL.

April with her jeweled showers
Is gently soothing sunny hours;
First are pattering drops of rain,
And then the golden sun again.
It gives to earth a lively scene,
Tinting the distant hills with green.
Yon saucy, flirting April rain,
Like giddy maids you can't refrain.

Yet you will cheer the poor man's home,
Where hunger's cry and sorrow dwelt;
For bitter cold his toilsome days,
And worse were they when want was felt.
But April smiles will kiss away
The bitter trace of sorrow's tear;
And she will dawn a brighter day,
When fields of plenty will appear.

Sweet sunshine and April showers,
Bursting through the cloudy bowers,
We extend a tender greeting,
Every heart with joy is beating—



Beating in their rapturous praises
At your modest little daisies.
Hail April! Month with flowers new,
Most gladly do we welcome you.

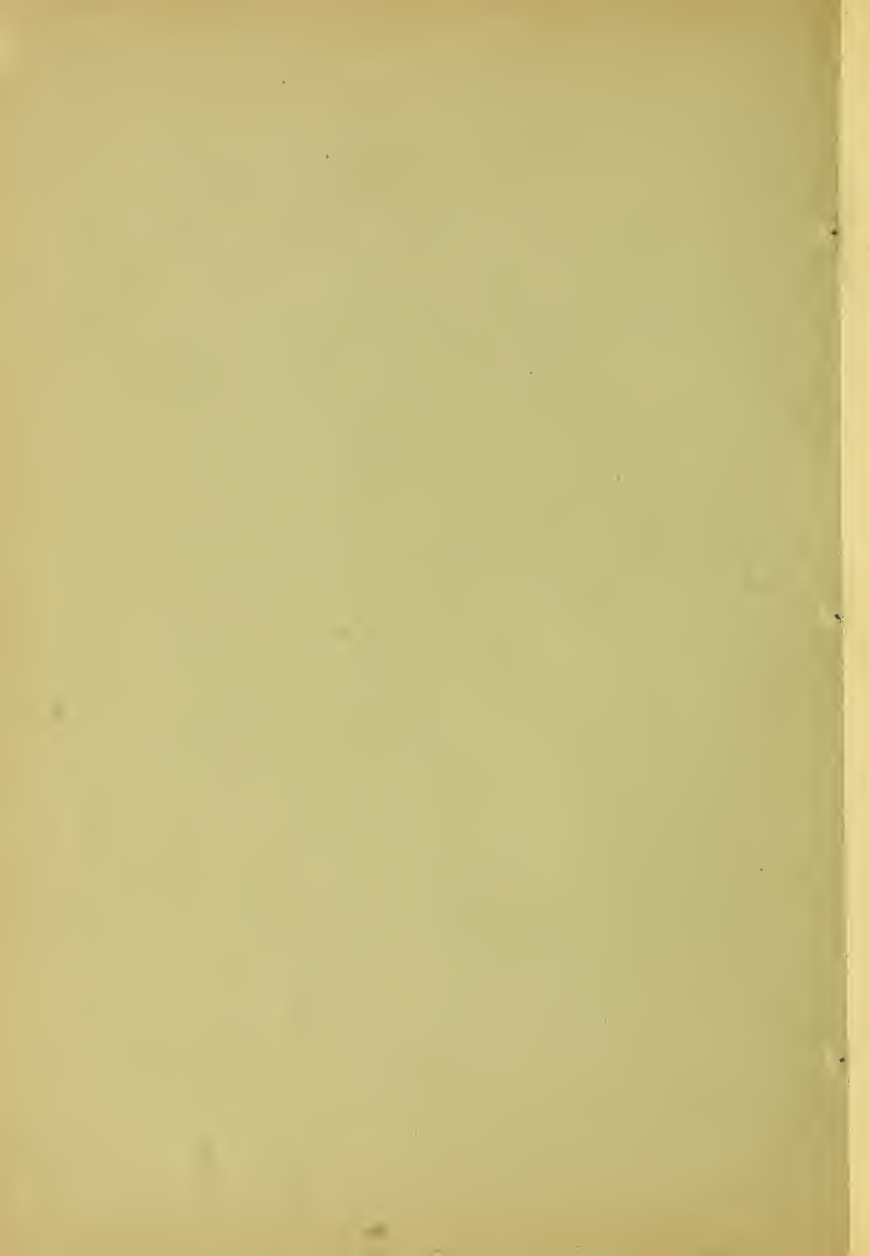
BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS WREATH.

Wrap up closely, little daughter,
And avoid the chilling blast;
I know your little heart is glad
To see Christmas here at last.
The frost is on the window pane,
And the good fire brightly burns;
Poor little Bessie will be here
With her pretty wreath of ferns.

She pressed them with her own wee hands,
In the crimson Autumn day;
Then sewed them on a bristol board,
In her simple, childish way.
And then she got a picture frame,
And a pretty oval glass;
And little Bessie sighed aloud,
"O! I hope my wreath will pass!"

I told her I would buy her wreath
In the merry Christmas time;
Then her cheeks shone like two roses,
And her eyes like sparkling wine.
She clapped her little hands with glee,
In her eyes there shone a tear;
"I'll make my mama happy then,
I will spend it all for her."

And we'll fill a basket, daughter,
With Christmas things, rare and nice,
And send it down to Bessie's house



On the birth-day of our Christ.
We must wait a little, darling,
A letter the postman brings;
Let us read it before we shop
For the pretty Christmas things.

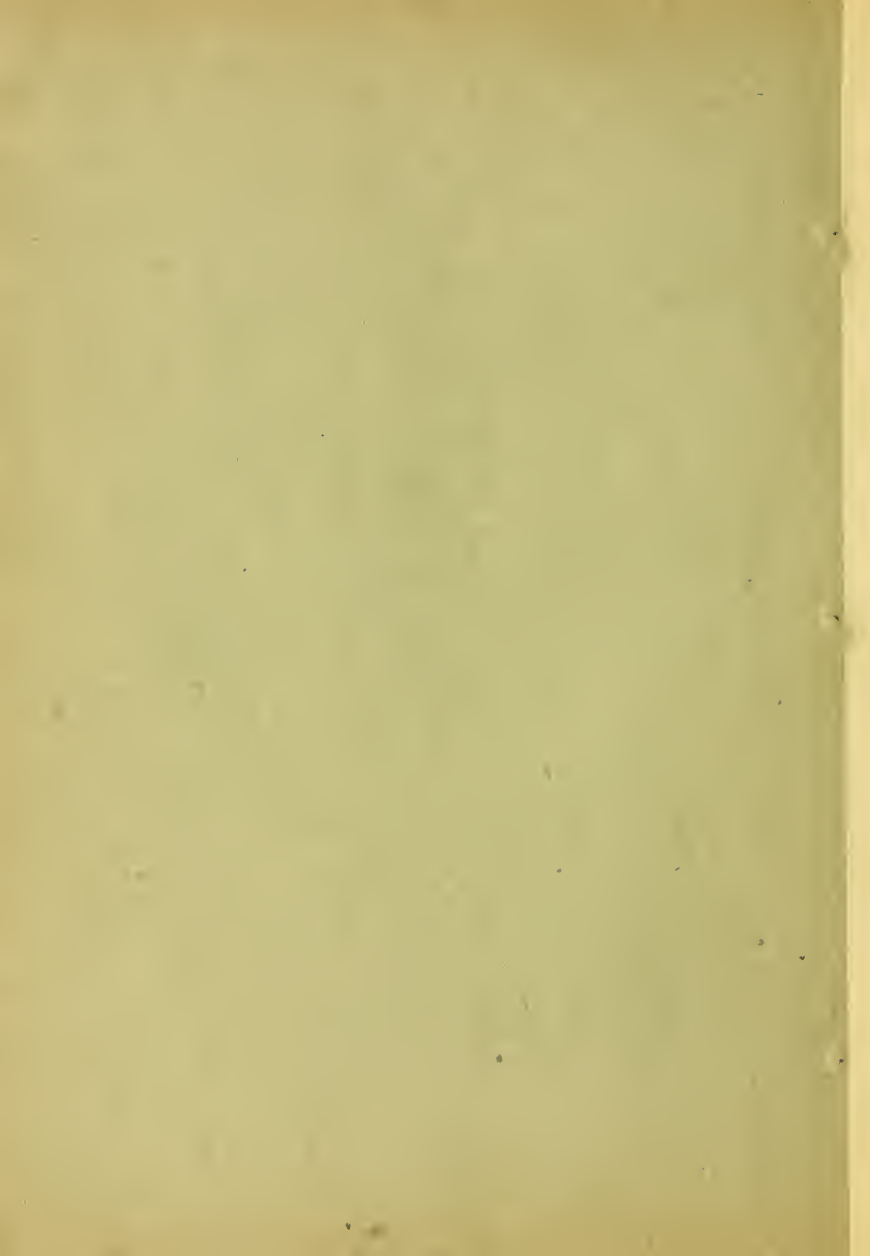
The seal is black, what can it mean?
Is the missive full of gloam?
"God sent an Angel down last night
And took Bessie from our home."
Now we must cheer the mother's heart,
Commands that God has given;
Bessie leaves her Christmas wreath
For brighter ones in Heaven.

ONLY A ROSE-BUD,

Would that each of its petals fair
Were costly jewels bright and rare;
Its fragile stem and drooping leaves
Most precious gold instead of these;
And even they for which I yearn
Would be to thee a small return.

I would it were of greater worth,
This pretty treasure of the earth.
Alas! 'tis not for me to send
A brighter gift to thee, my friend.
I've kissed the "bud" and dropped a tear,
And send it as a souvenir.

If links are missed in friendship's chain,
A GILDED ONE would still remain,
And seem to shimmer just as bright
As ruling stars of dusky night.
"ONLY A ROSE-BUD" to command—
For thee, a gift from Floraland.



LITTLE FOOT-PRINTS.

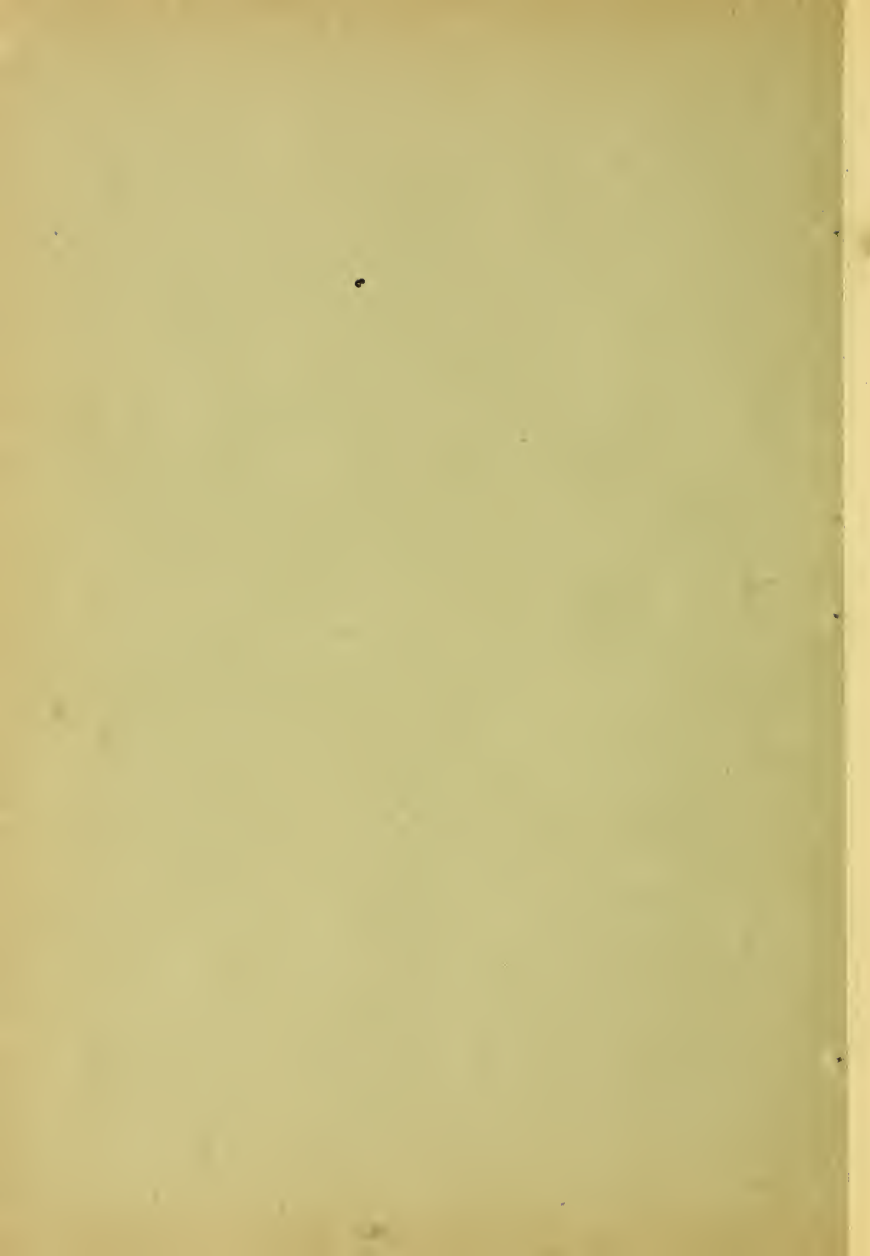
Dear little foot-prints on the floor,
And all around the cottage door;
We turn our eyes from place to place,
And everywhere they meet our face;
But where is he, the owner fair,
That left the little foot-prints there?
Soft echo answers from afar,
"He lives beyond a shining STAR"—

Lives in an angel-realm above,
Singing strains of heavenly love—
The little darling on our mind
Left little foot-prints here behind.
There is a day, a joyous day,
When we must cross the Pilgrim's way
To seek a heritage afar—
A home beyond that shining "STAR."

Then, O then, will our darling fair,
Show us dear little foot-prints there,
And lead us o'er the starry way
Where all is one eternal day.
Oh, why comes this repeated sigh
For joys beyond the starry sky?
Unless it is we often meet
The prints of those "DEAR LITTLE FEET."

BEAUTY LAND.

Oh, have you seen fair Beauty Land
In sleepy visions of the night,
Where angels group in happy band,
All clad in robes of snowy white;
That Beauty Land, beyond the clouds,
Which sweetly blend with amber shade;
That float and sail in azure hue
Over the mossy hill and glade?



That Beauty Land, whose golden street
Is for the rich and poor alike,
Where angel hands waft music sweet,
Serenely sweet, and so unlike
The world's conception of the Lyre,
With mortal fingers playing strife,
Because they have a sweet desire,
They can't obtain immortal life.

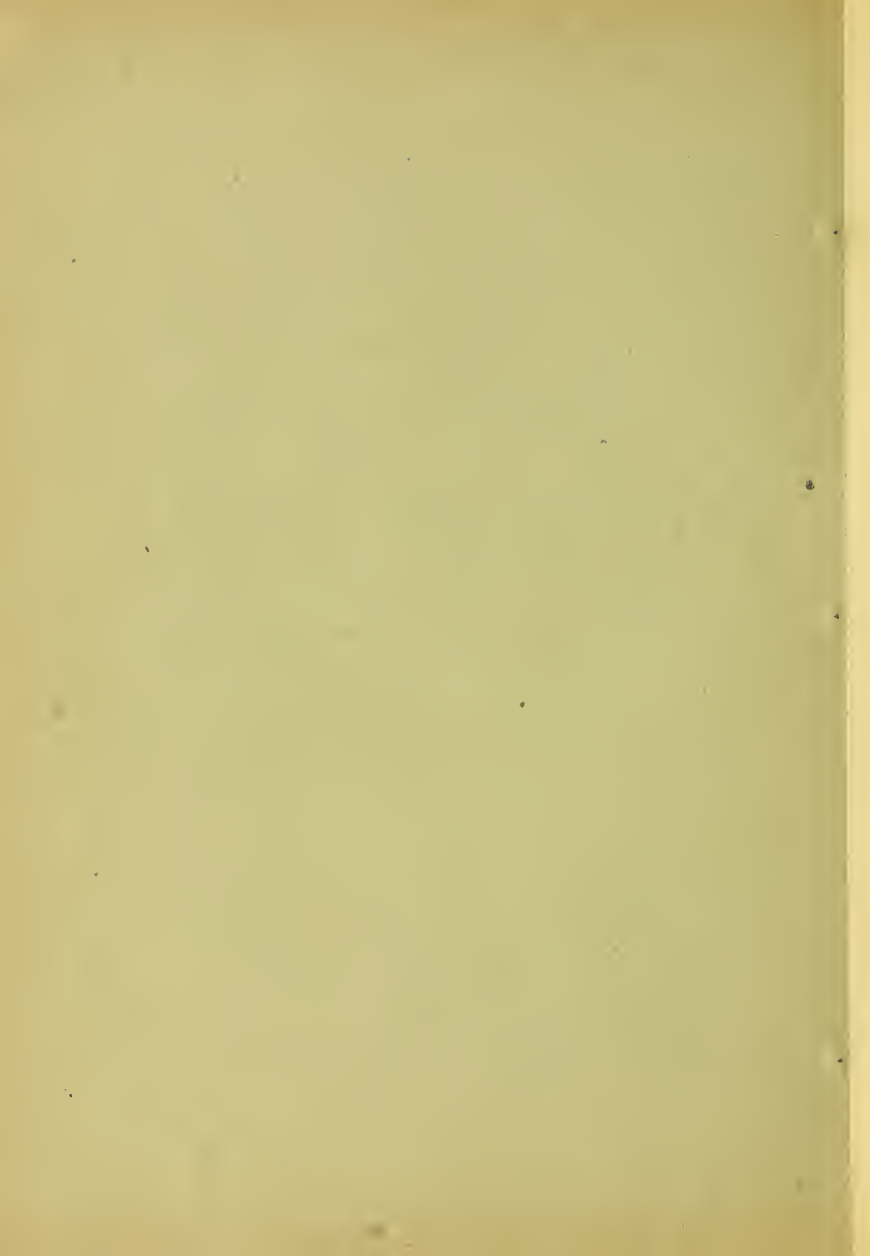
Fair Beauty Land, my sweetest dream,
O! let me write and sing thy praise;
The world is seldom what it seems,
And oft its cold, discordant lays
Are like the pricking of a rose,
And one must grasp the thorny part
Until the troubled waters close
Over a crushed and bleeding heart.

Fair Beauty Land, earth holds no joy
Like yours so sweet and so serene;
No blighted hopes there to annoy
The even tenor of our dream.
The "vision" brief, but oh, so sweet,
The chanting of the angel band;
And we were sad to wake and find
'Twas all a dream of "Beauty Land."

A HEAVY RAINFALL.

The sky was one vast sea of tears
For days—and doleful echoes came
From every drop of rain.
And every heart would swell with fear
At the pattering of the drops
Upon the window pane.

We rose at early morn to see
The fountain spray at heaven's gate
Dash in heavy shower.



It checked the children in their glee
And the people grieved to see — it
Beat upon the flower.

And it was like a funeral dirge
While pattering on the poor man's
Humble, low thatched roof;
For bread his little children urged,
And the father's brain wove its warp
Within a troubled woof.

For starving babes there was no bread
Nor aught to buy a morsel with
In that poor father's home;
And while the rain poured overhead
He could not go in quest of food
And leave his babes alone.

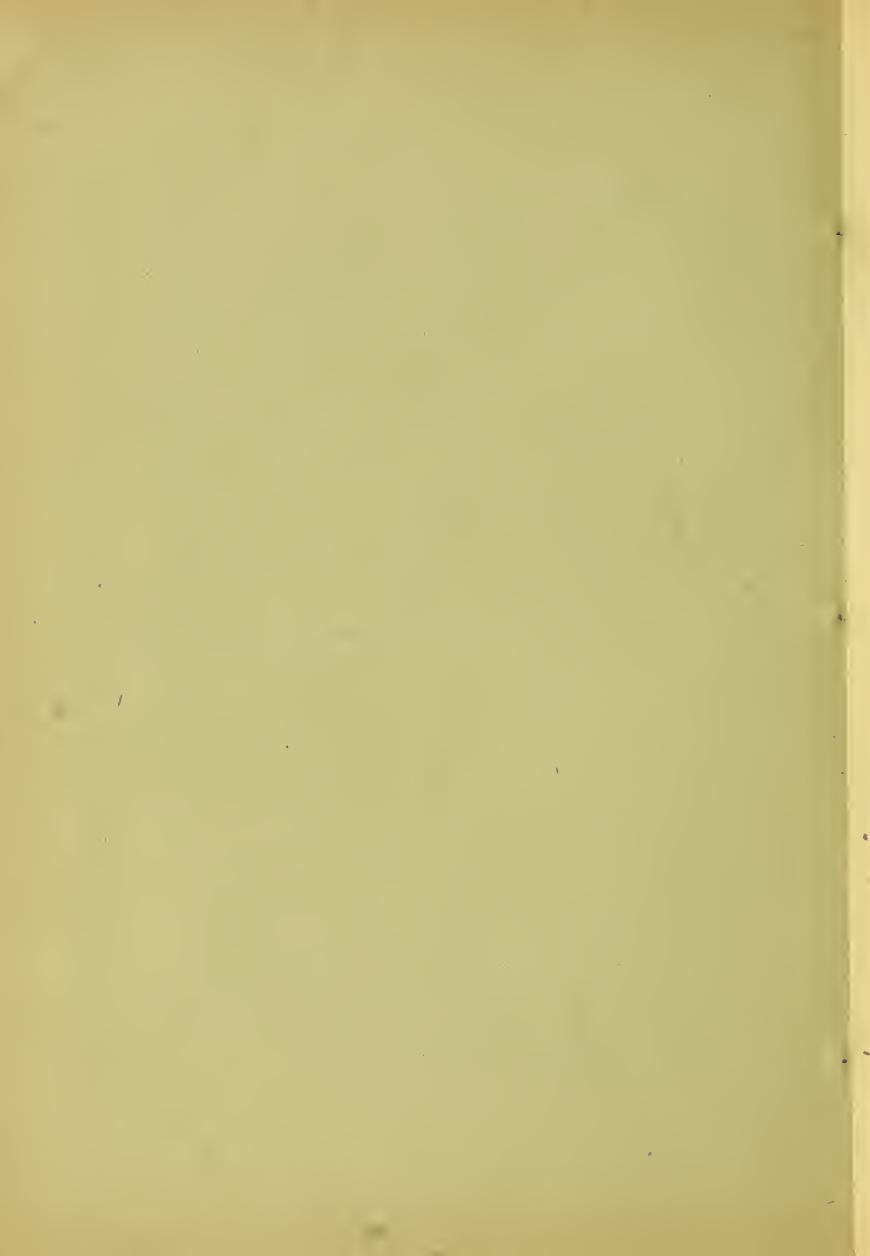
And still it rained, 't was heaven's will
For earth to be a watery waste,
For hungry man and beast.
Water drenched the vale and hill,
And vegetation was concealed
And stopped the peoples' feast.

And then a little prayer went up
In pleading from the poor man's hearth
For babes upon his knee.
God stayed the tempest — 't was enough —
The Sun shone out upon the Earth
A beauty now to see.

THE MERCILESS RIVER.

[The Flood of 1884.]

Merciless River, why trouble us so?
Your anger is worse than one year ago.
Do skies that weep over mountain and dell,
The rivulet, force your bosom to swell?



O! how can you tear the wild clinging vine
From moss-covered rocks around the tall pine,
Then rushing on in your merciless flow,
Robbing the farmers as onward you go.

Sweeping the fences, their cattle and food,
Lightly as drift from the desolate wood,
Dashing and splashing and raging in might
Like a sea-bird wild, regardless of flight.

People are weeping and sighing with fears
Over their losses of labor for years,
And they are yielding up golden lore
Into your bosom of desolate woe.

Merciless River, if all ended here,
A slight ray of hope to us might appear,
But your strong arms splash about in the fray,
And lash the sweet child you stole on the quay.

Somebody's darling, with eyes open wide,
Goes floating along the turbulent tide;
Merciless River, our treasures of clay
Always return to the owners, we pray.

DRUMMER NOTES.

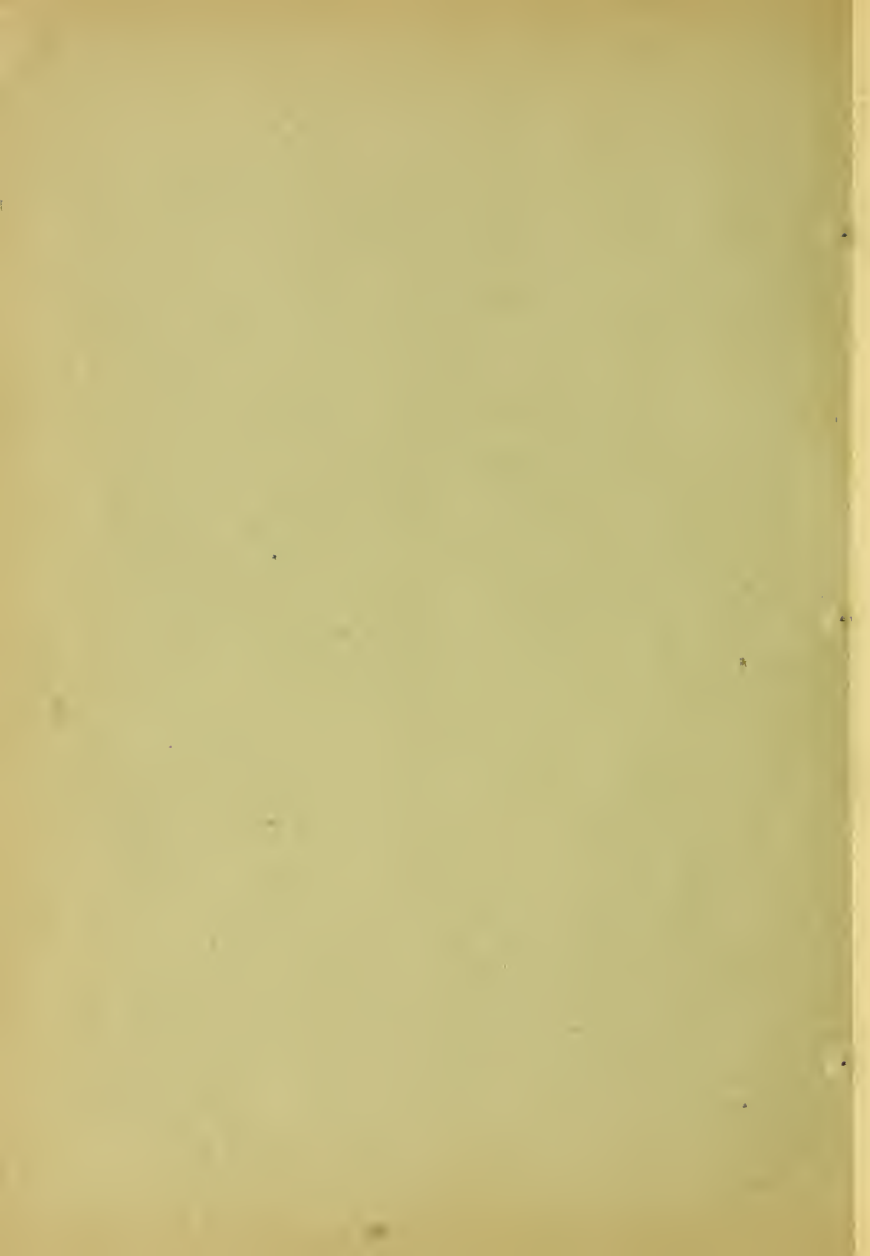
Merciless River, why are you raging
In fury and might,
Driving the people
Out of their dwellings with hunger and fright?

—ALICE HAWTHORNE, in *Courier-Journal*.

THE OHIO'S RESPONSE.

Well, really, Alice, now you are asking
Something not all in vain,
And we can answer you truly
That it is owing to the thaw and rain.

—Cincinnati Drummer.

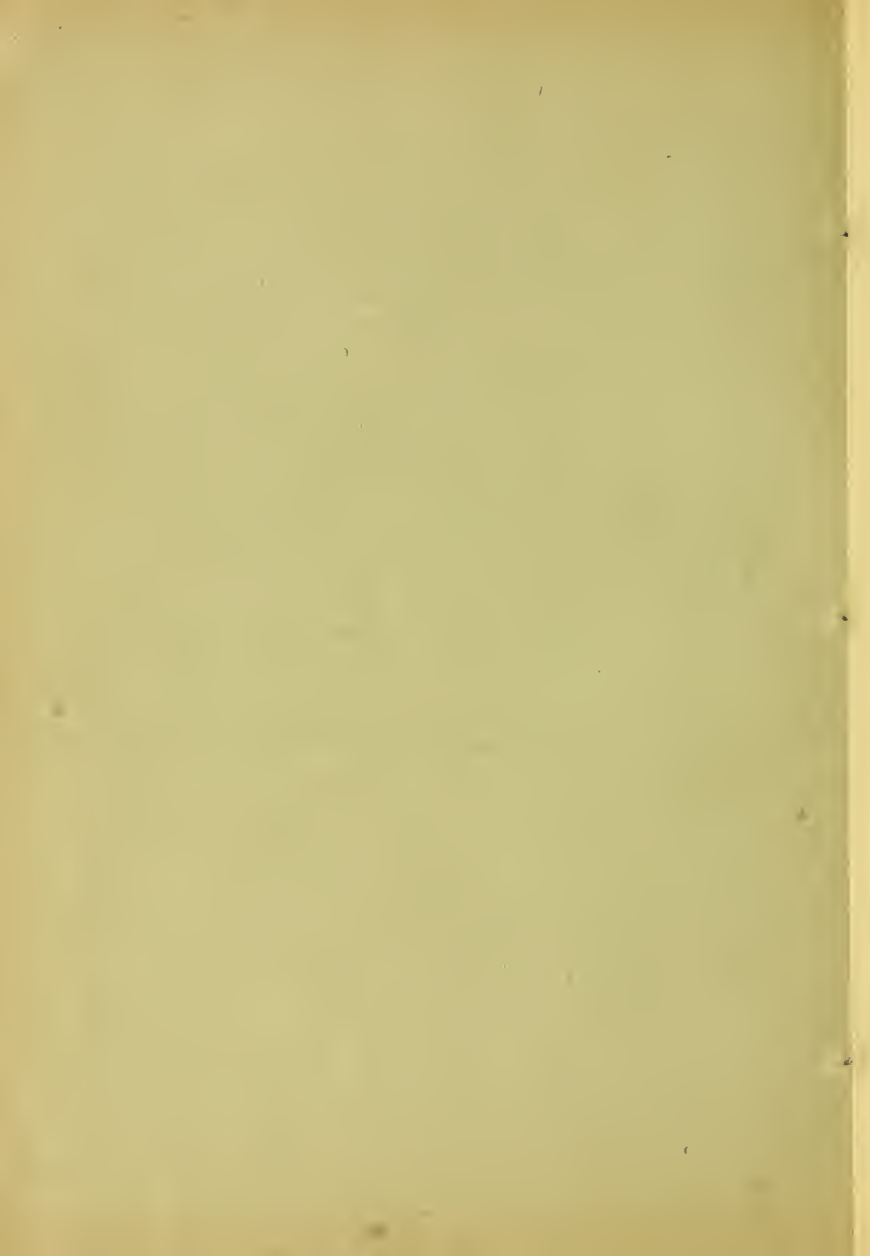


WOMAN'S BRIGHTEST JEWEL.

What is woman's brightest jewel?
Is it eyes of deepest blue,
Soft and gentle in expression,
Beaming with a lustrous hue?
Or dimpled cheeks, fair and rosy,
Venus-like, of purest mold,
And beauteous silken tresses,
Like the ray of sunlit gold?
Or round full lips of cherry hue?
Her teeth of pearly whiteness;
And her long and drooping lashes
That shield her eyes of brightness?
Is it hands so fair and shapely—
So patrician and complete?
Or touching of whose ruby lips
Fills the soul with rapture sweet?
Or all her diamonds shifting light,
On her fair and shapely hand—
Or rubies red, and pearls of white—
Jewels rare at her command?
No, 'tis her fair untarnished name,
Shining as the burning fuel,
What the water can't extinguish—
This is woman's brightest jewel.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN.

In our own dreamy thoughts of countries grand,
We kindly turn to that sweet, sunny land
With a verdant sod, and skies of pale blue,
With brave, gallant men, and their daughters true,
Whose sunny smiles—how delightful to see—
Prove solace to man in Southland free.
Woman's fond heart, in the land of flowers,
Was treasured by him in his darkest hours;



When widows were left, and little ones, too,
Left proud on the world with nothing to do,
She pressed a Jasmine close to her lip,
Like the little bee, its honey to sip.
The dear little bee culls from the flower—
Hers was a hive, with a "soulful power;"
And now she can work, and with willing hands
Will try to compete with all other lands.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

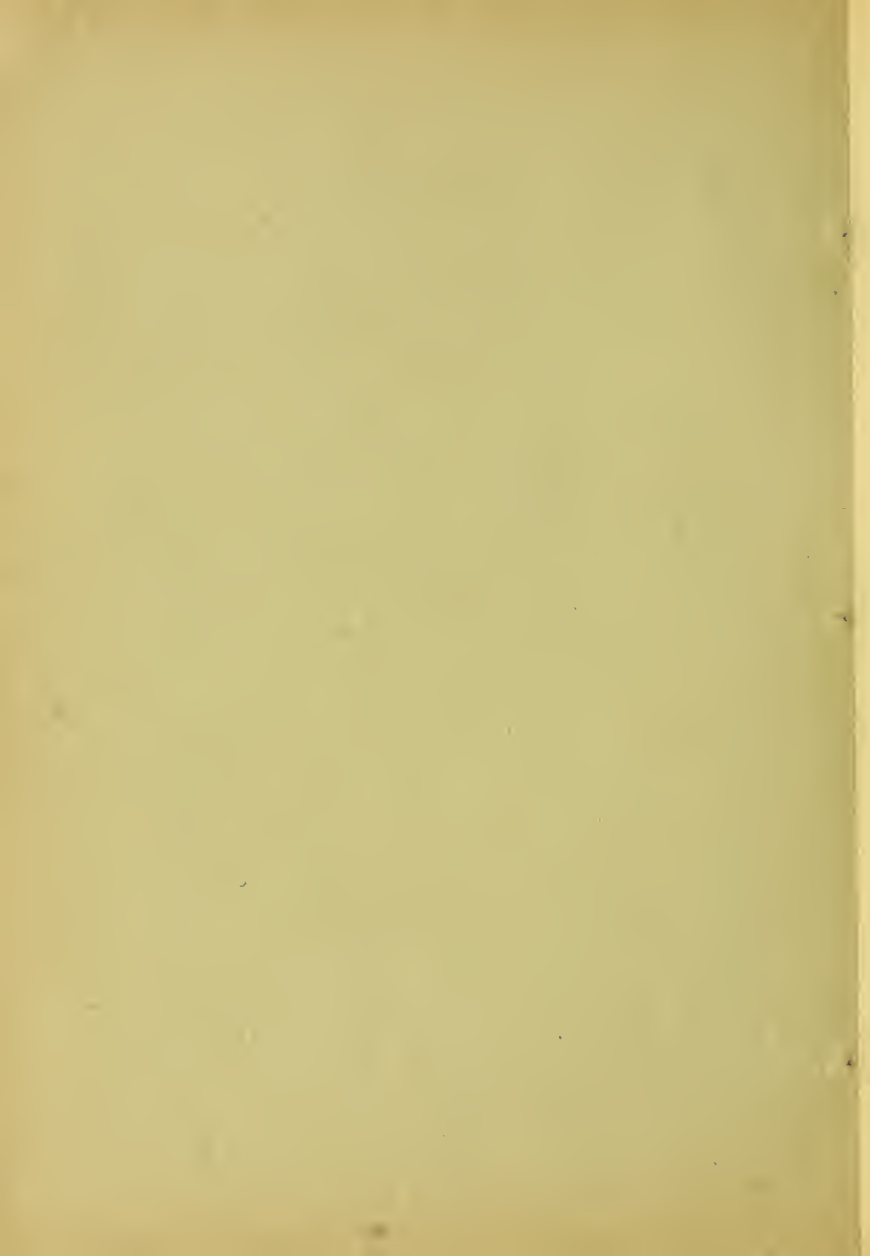
There's music floating in the air,
There's joy and gladsome everywhere,
For Christmas tide is here.
The bells are chiming sweet and low,
And to the chapel people go,
The Christmas chant to hear.

Old age and youth in blended strain
So sweetly sing and shout again,
Dear Christmas tide is here.
The Savior came this glorious day,
And we should know, in Christian way,
Why Christmas tide is dear.

THE MONTH OF ROSES.

We sigh at your leaving, sweet June,
With the mocking birds all in tune;
We've crowned you the Month of Roses,
The mother of sweet-scented posies—
June, sweet June.

For you are a bright floral queen,
On a throne of emerald green;
And your subject, the sweet climbing rose,
Its perfuming couplet o'erflows.



We spangle your Jasmine crown
With glittering dew-drops around;
Near the little brook's musical flow,
There the sweetest of pond-lilies grow.

And, oh! what a sweet diadem
Is your blooming heliotrope gem,
While distilling its sweetest perfume
For the queen of roses in June.

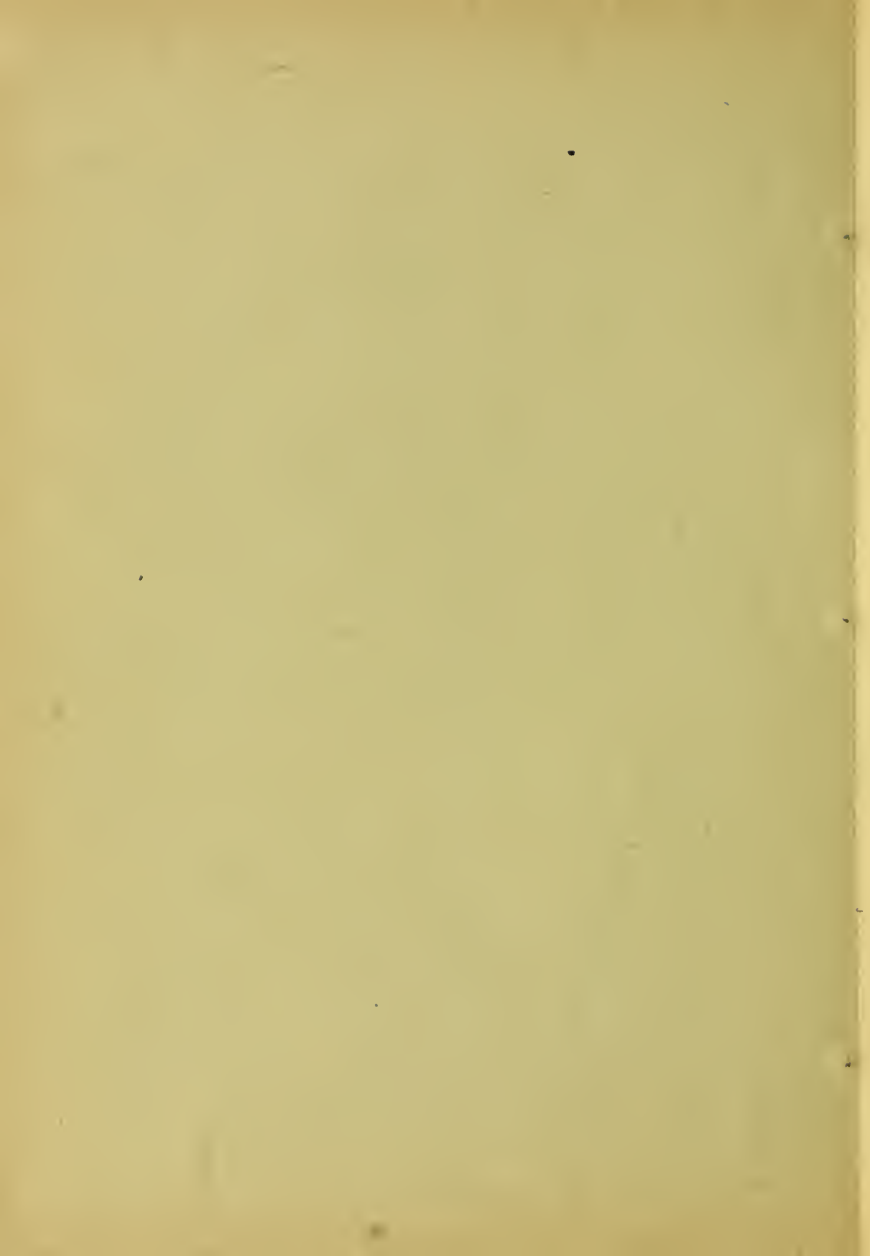
Never so sweet the blue birds song,
Frisking and chirping all day long;
First on the fig tree, then on the rose,
To see their blooming draw to a close.

So farewell, sweet month of flowers,
You take with you the roses bloom;
Shatter the rose and empty the bowers,
And only leave sweet memories of June.
June, sweet June.

THE BRAVE McWHIRTER.

Did you see McWhirter, reader,
With a form so proud and grand?
He was called a chestnut beauty
By the turf throughout the land;
And with a long and glossy mane
That hung soft as silken thread,
In addition to the beauty
Of McWhirter's graceful head.

His were handsome eyes, so flashing—
Indications of his speed—
Imitating in their beauty,
Like a large electric head.



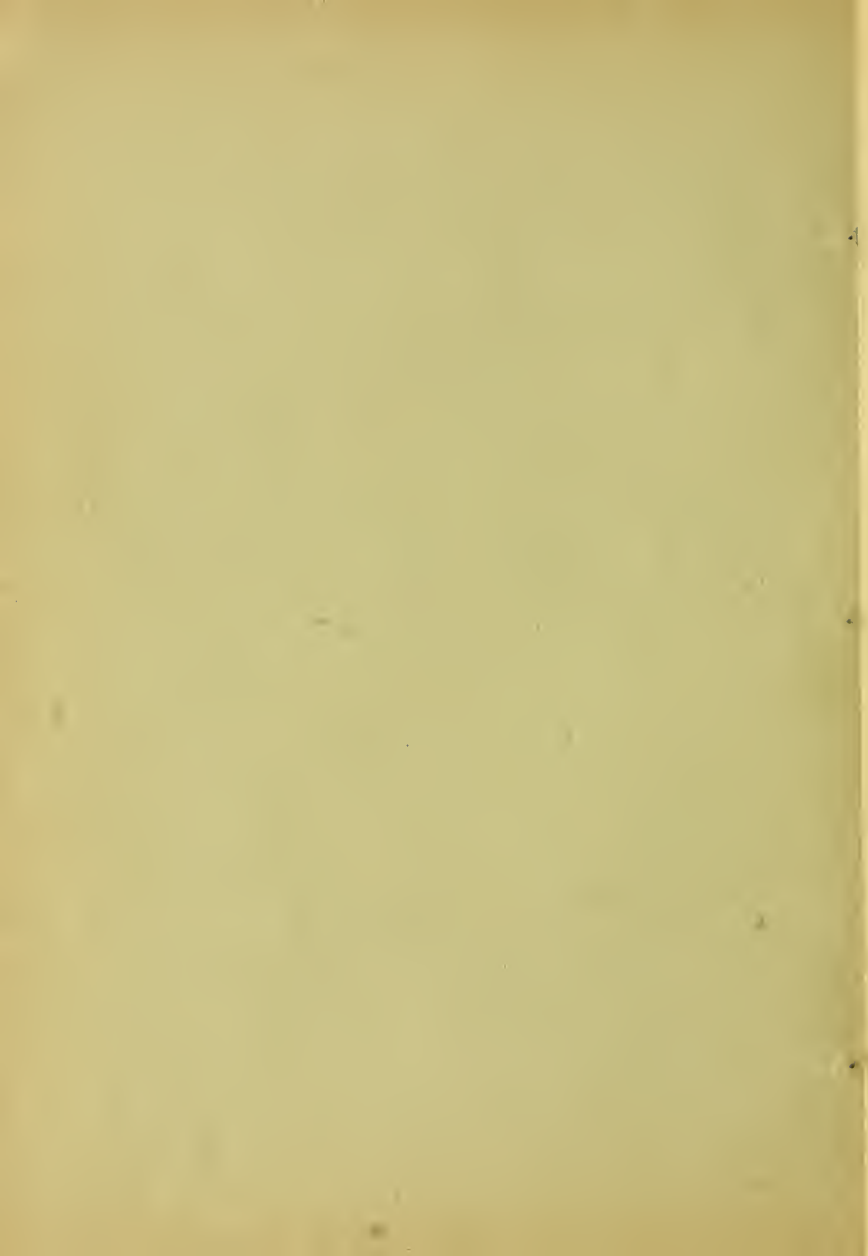
Who could e'er forget McWhirter,
He the "hero" of the turf?
Not his true, devoted owner,
Who adored his speed and worth.

Who saw his broken limbs give way
Far away from native land?
While on he sped with wondrous time,
Clinging to a record grand,
Until a horse came foaming by,
Dashing o'er his trembling form;
Then the brave McWhirter faltered,
Neighed and fell—his race was done.

Then he looked for faithful master,
Couldn't bear to die alone;
Master came with sponge and water,
Answer to McWhirter's moan.
Oh, the scene was so distressing,
While they sponged his burning head;
"Poor McWhirter!" sighed the master,
And the poor horse neighed and bled.

Oh, never in the battle field
Did a soldier seem more brave,
Than that faithful, hero horse,
Lying in that far-off grave.
So, close beside the great race track
Is the brave McWhirter's grave,
And a marble horse should mark it,
And a banner o'er it wave.





MY LOVE FOR YOU.

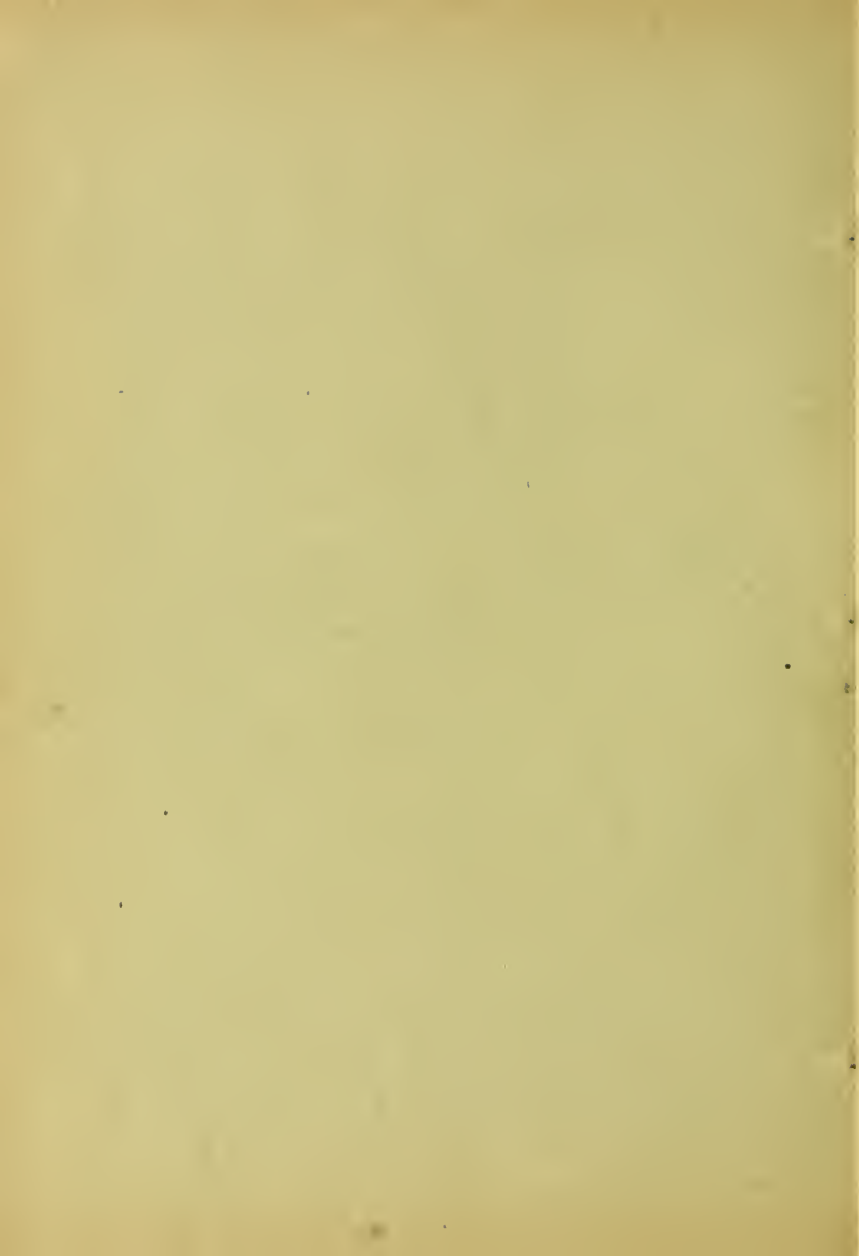
Time, with its mysterious ways,
 Drags slowly on;
A hopeful heart, attuned to lays
 Of sweetest song,
Is known to have repeated sighs
 For one so true—
Sweet echoes of the long ago
 As known to you.
Oh! Time, speed onward in your way
 With hasty art,
And speed the day when you will ease
 A weary heart.
The bird may sing its sweetest lay
 And enchant us;
The beauty of a summer day
 May delight us;
And flowers sweet, with fragile stem,
 Prove treasures, too—
But brighter still than diadem
 “My love for you.”

CELESTINE.

'Tis thy picture, fair Celestine,
 That I hold within my grasp,
Would that I could write, Celestine,
 Like the poets of the past.

I would do thy picture justice—
 Work it into graceful rhyme—
And I'd weave for it a garland
 Bright as those of olden time.

It seems strange to yearn, Celestine,
 For a face we've never seen;
Thus it is, my dear Celestine,
 Mortals unto mortals lean.



Come thy gentle self, Celestine,
Let me gaze upon thy brow;
And I'll love thee, dear Celestine,
As I love thy picture now.

BEAUTIFUL LAMP.

A weary heart is like a cloud
At the rosy dawn of day;
It sighs, and yearns, as for a lamp
To light it on its way.

A bright rosy ray
Will shine night and day
From that beautiful lamp of God.

The mother shows her little child
The light that is burning there;
Her silver voice, so low and mild,
Tells of its beauty rare—
Of wonderful light,
In gloaming of night,
From that beautiful lamp of God.

Ye maidens sweet, whose beauty fade,
Flee from vanity's shrine;
When to this lamp homage is paid
Beauty becomes divine.
A bright golden ray
Will shine night and day
From that beautiful lamp of God.

The aged sires, with trembling step,
Know that the lamp of God
Will light them on their pilgrimage
Far beyond the sod.
In duty and right
They die by the light
Of that beautiful lamp of God.



HOPEFUL HEART.

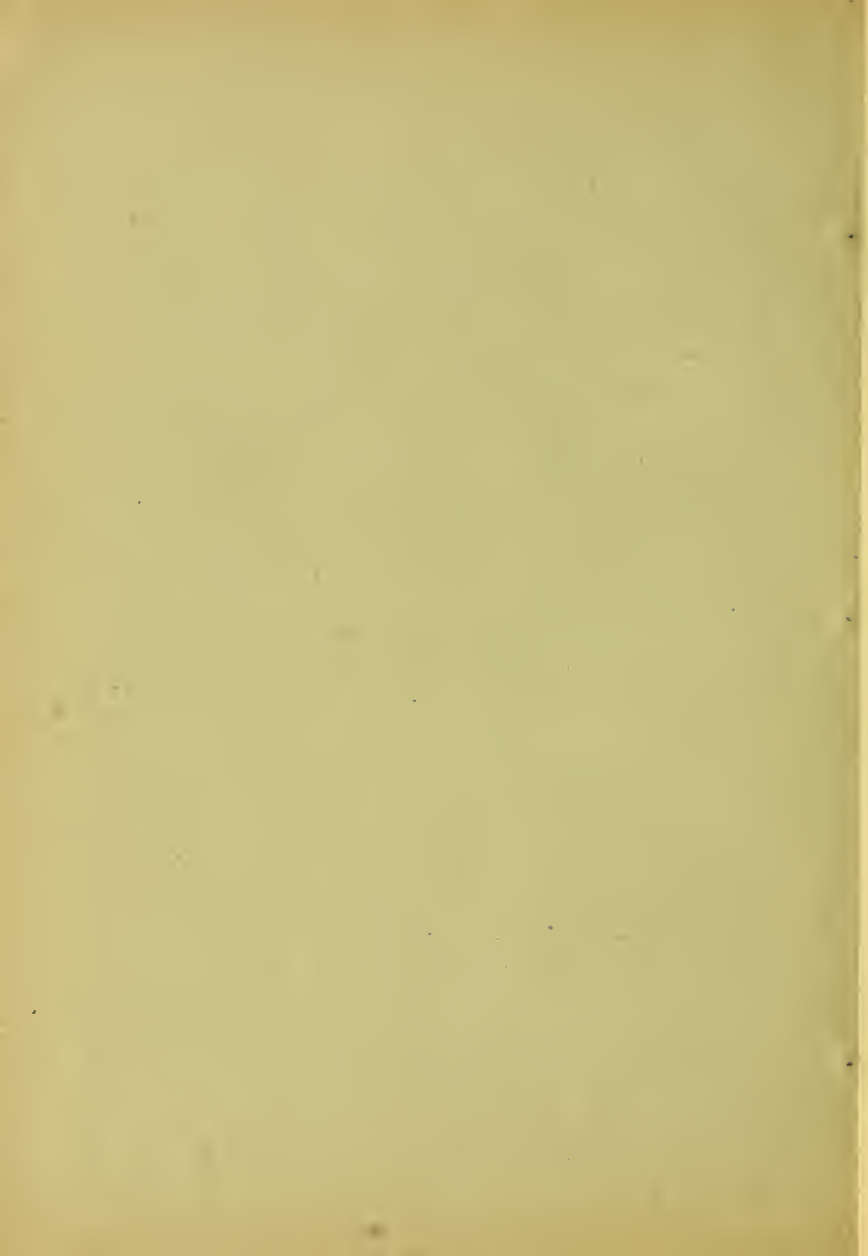
Way down your cells, so low and deep,
There is a bit of sorrow;
And eyes will weep in tearful sleep
While dreaming of the morrow;
And yet there is sustaining hope,
While with eternal fate we cope,
And sigh and dream, and dream and sigh,
Must it be thus till we die—
Hopeful Heart?

As every rose must have a thorn,
Every night must have a morn,
And through the sable robe of night
Penetrates the rosy light;
The sun will dry the morning dew;
God may stay our troubles, too,
And heal the anguish of a heart
That would bravely bear its part—
Hopeful Heart.

BROKEN HEART.

There's little strength remaining now,
Since we to fate eternal bow;
God only knows what you must feel,
And he alone has power to heal.
There's beauty in all things you see;
There's love and joy in harmony;
But they to you are dull as lead
With all your cherished hopes near dead —
Broken Heart.

The world is seldom what it seems,
While great discord disturbs our dreams—
Robs youth and beauty of its reign,
And sweet content of its domain;



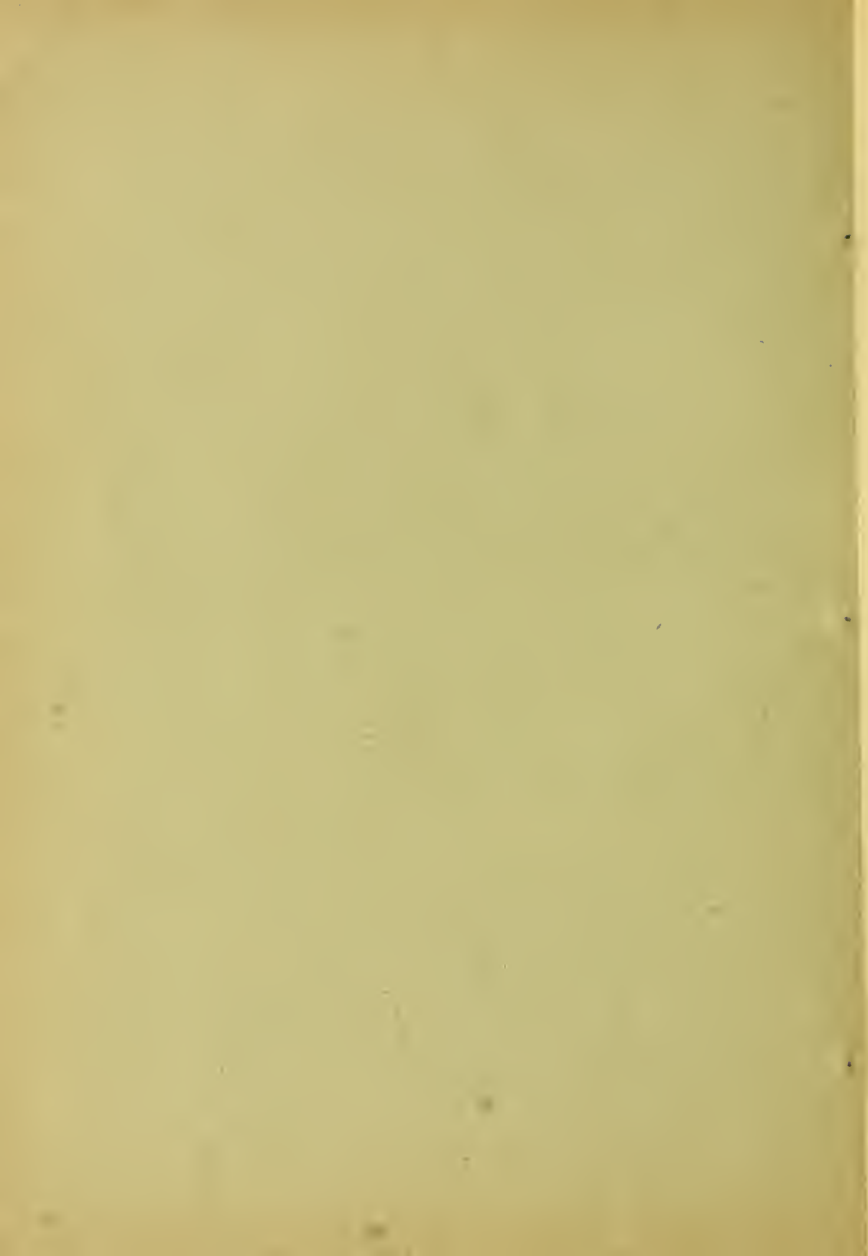
And though you break, you cannot die
To find sweet rest beyond the sky,
For God renews your wondrous life
To mingle with the worldly strife—
Broken Heart.

THE HAWTHORN FLOWER.

Compare the home-circle to a Hawthorn tree,
Its flourishing branches a beauty to see;
Like youth, it's refreshing with vigor and strength,
But many misfortunes climp up it at length;
Its broad body, the sire, with moss is o'ergrown
While drooping in pasture; and, almost forlorn,
He nods to the five little branches to grow
And arrive at stout limbs before he must go.

And at last the heart of the sire is made glad,
For the Hawthorn tree with bright blossoms is clad,
And the fondest of fathers smiling with joy,
For among the blossoms is one little boy;
And he hopes, when the summons is sent from above,
To bear him away to bright realms of love,
That the "BOY"—his best loved one—will grow in
his stead
To become 'mongst his blossoms the fountain and
head.





THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.

The human heart seems born to grief,
With naught but death to give relief.
'Tis like a vase of budding sighs
Awaiting bloom beyond the skies;
'Tis like the daisy in a storm,
When blown and tossed in great alarm,
With fragile stem borne to the earth
To kiss the dew that gave it birth;
'Tis like the violet of spring—
The pretty, little, tender thing—
Crushed beneath a rugged rock,
With petals wounded by the shock.
Like Aching Heart, it hails the day
When grim depression rolls away.
In answer to Aurora's call,
The flower will sip the dewy fall,
And then rebloom to play a part
Like the hopeful "Bloom of the Heart."

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

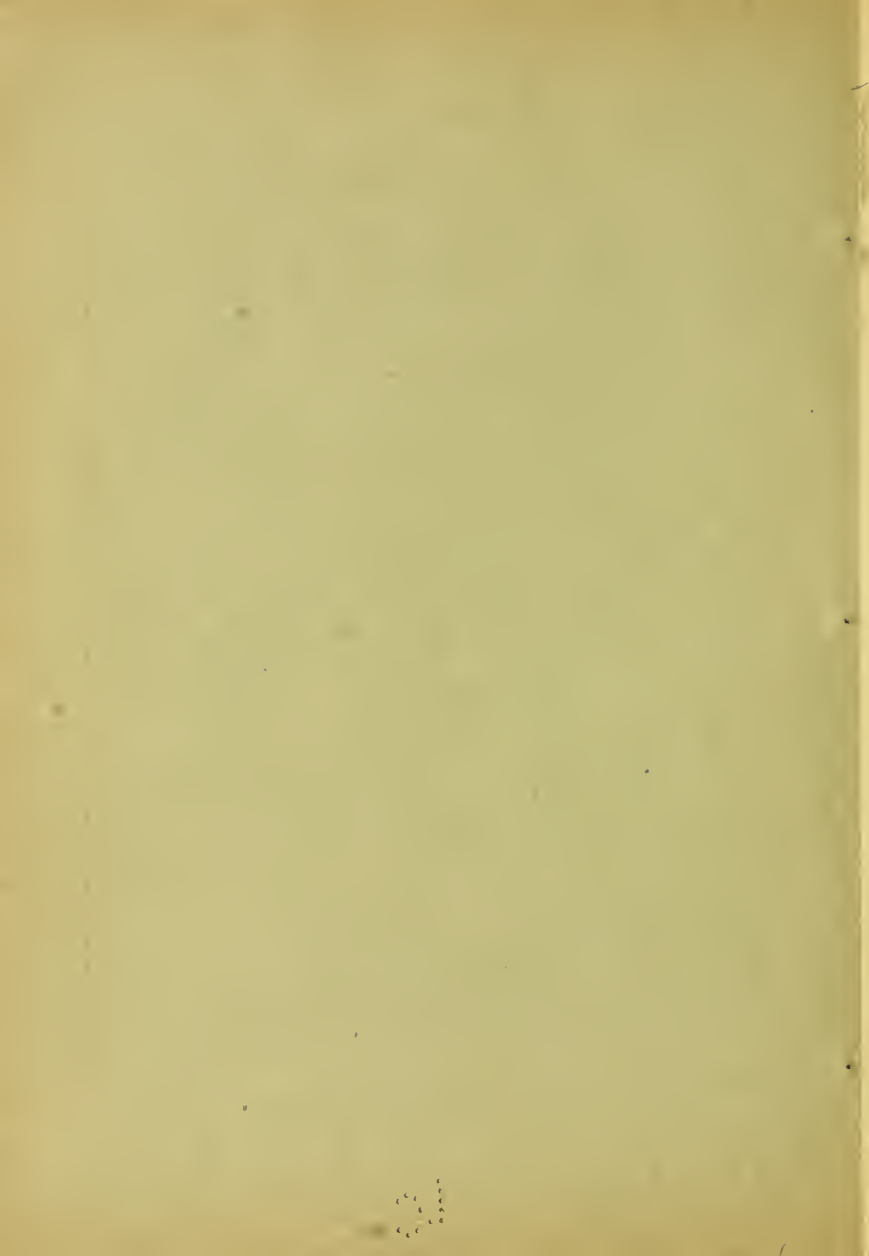
Throw open the gate—near the soft velvet sod
The dead are so near us, and yet so near God;
Speak in sweet accents, with a whispering voice;
Among the rude graves you may find your own choice.
Tread on the grass lightly and lower each breath,
For here Southern soldiers are sleeping in death
So far from their homes 'neath the tropical skies—
From mothers and daughters, their sweethearts and wives.
O bring the sweet garlands of red, white and blue,
Sweet roses and flowers of every hue;
With love we will strew them all over each grave;
Shed tears at the thoughts of the "Cause" they would save.
Oh, poor fallen heroes, the noblest of men!
You fought with ambition, you fought to the end,



And while you thus sleep in a far distant clime
Loved ones endeavor your poor graves to find.
Some have a rude slab, while others have none,
But the sod on their graves has beautiful grown.
God's mercy in this is alike unto all:
He loveth his children, and on them will call
In hovel or palace, on water or land;
In the dear, quiet homes and the battle so grand.
He raised his broad hand o'er the ranks of the Blue,
While stronger in number the great army grew;
He stretched his broad arm o'er the ranks of the Gray,
Who fought till the Blue overpowered the way.
There were husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers;
While bleeding and dying, night o'er them hovers.
The shimmering moon sees the Blue and the Gray,
Who died with the honors of battle array.
Bring forth the sweet flowers, bedew them with tears;
Poor mothers have grieved and been sighing for years;
Fathers are sad, and while bending with sorrow,
Oft breathe the sweet words, "A bright to-morrow!"
While sisters have wept o'er a dead brother's fall,
Poor sweethearts have pined the dearest of all.
O bring the bright flowers! soldiers are sleeping,
And those who have loved them far away weeping.
O strew them around with a light, gentle tread,
On the graves of our brave "Confederate Dead."

CAVE HILL—THE SILENT CITY.

Grim silence reigns in this sequestered spot
Where the sleeping dead around are lying;
And tangled vines, with sweet forget-me-not,
Mingle perfume with the zephyrs' sighing.
And spectral vaults here shield the sleeping dead
When life, like a rapturous dream, has fled.
The rich and poor are sleeping here the same—
Returned to Mother Earth, from whence they came



Around the slabs we see the cypress grow,
While o'er the grave it droops with graceful bend.
This sorrow-vine would have the world to know
The Shepherd loaned his flock, as others lend.
We know the flowers, exhaling sweet perfume,
Are tender buds exchanged to fragrant bloom;
And thus will life draw to a graceful close
Just like the bud transformed to withered rose. /

And when the garb of night falls gently down,
A star-lit robe to suit a singing bard,
The moon's pale ray beams softly on the ground—
On new and aged tombs of Cave Hill sward.
And there, amid the silence of those tombs,
Where the cypress-vine and magnolia bloom,
And sparkle with dew in spectral array,
We hope to repose on some future day.

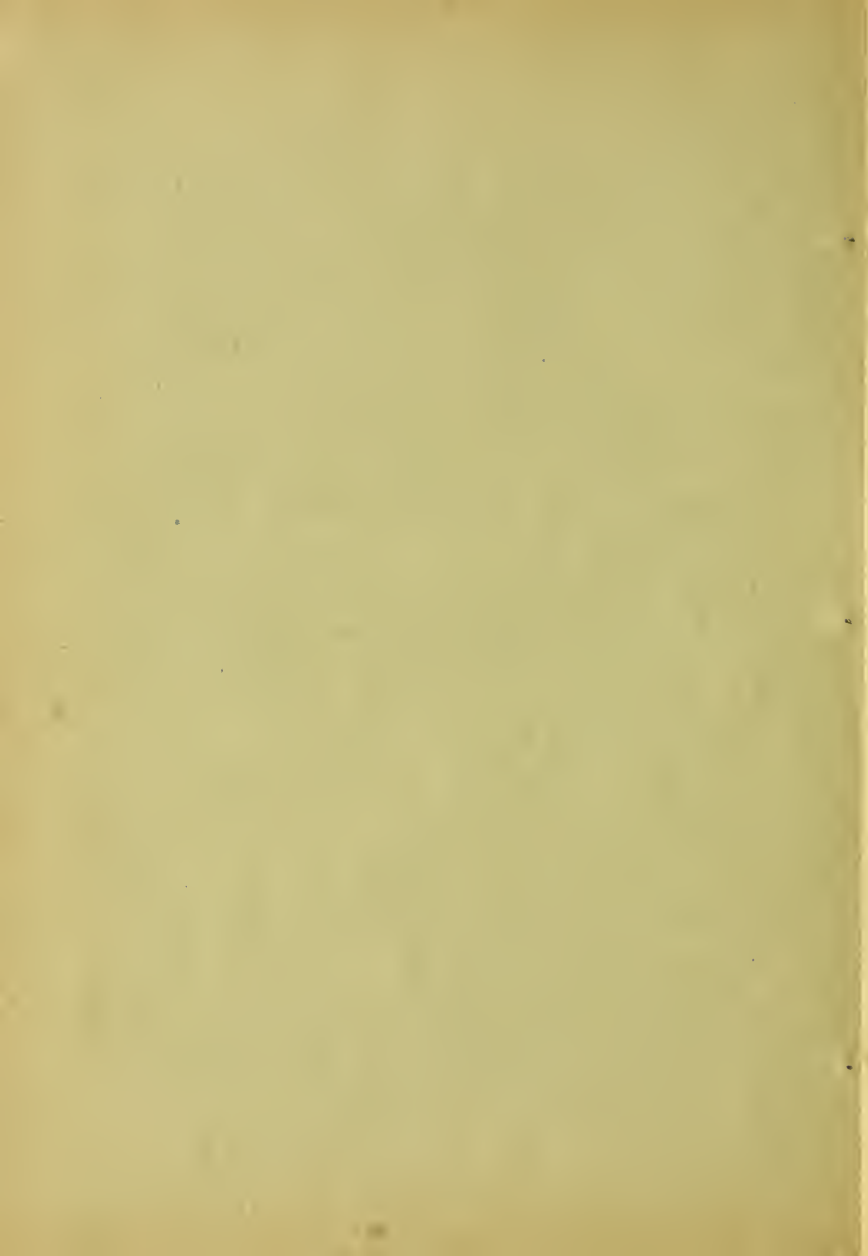
DEW DROPS.

Ye pretty little dew drops,
To nurture tree and flower,
And every little leaflet
With your refreshing shower.

We see your little droplets
In the honeysuckle's cups,
'Till the sun, warm and golden,
Drinks your liquid beauty up.

But then another dawning,
With its rose and amber gay,
Whispers softly to the droplets—
"Come again in bright array."

Put nectar in the cuplets
For the busy honey bee,
And the spotted butterfly,
And the grasses on the lea.



Let your little droplets fall
On the purple lilac bloom,
Distilling mellow fragrance
For the morning's sweet perfume.

Then spangle up the hollow—
Let it be a lovely queen
With a crown of sparkling dew
And a throne of fadeless green.

Let the pretty shepherdess,
With her cheeks of rosy hue,
Feed the little fleecy lambs
In the early morning dew.

If any one be thirsty
Without knowing what to do,
Why can't they dip a leaflet
In the fountain of the dew.

MARBLE HEART.

[Marco and Raphael.]

"I've gazed upon thy matchless grace,
The peerless beauty of thy face.
Dear Marco fair,
With golden hair,
And luster beaming from your eyes
That vie in shadow with the skies.

"And I, too, Raphaël, often sigh,
Darling one, when thou art nigh.
I know not why,
Unless 'tis I
Am like a statue in thy eyes—
A statue that you will despise.



"Aye, I would bow at beauty's shrine
 If I could call Queen Marco mine;
 But I'll go home
 And live alone.

Marco, we should dwell apart:
 They say you have a marble heart,

"Then fare thee well, brave king of hearts,
 Our lives are filled with phantom starts.

 Tis gold I crave,
 And gold I'll have,
 Go chisel on your statue — arts: —
 The world is full of marble hearts.

"Aye, Marco, I would die for thee,
 And from this mental trouble free.

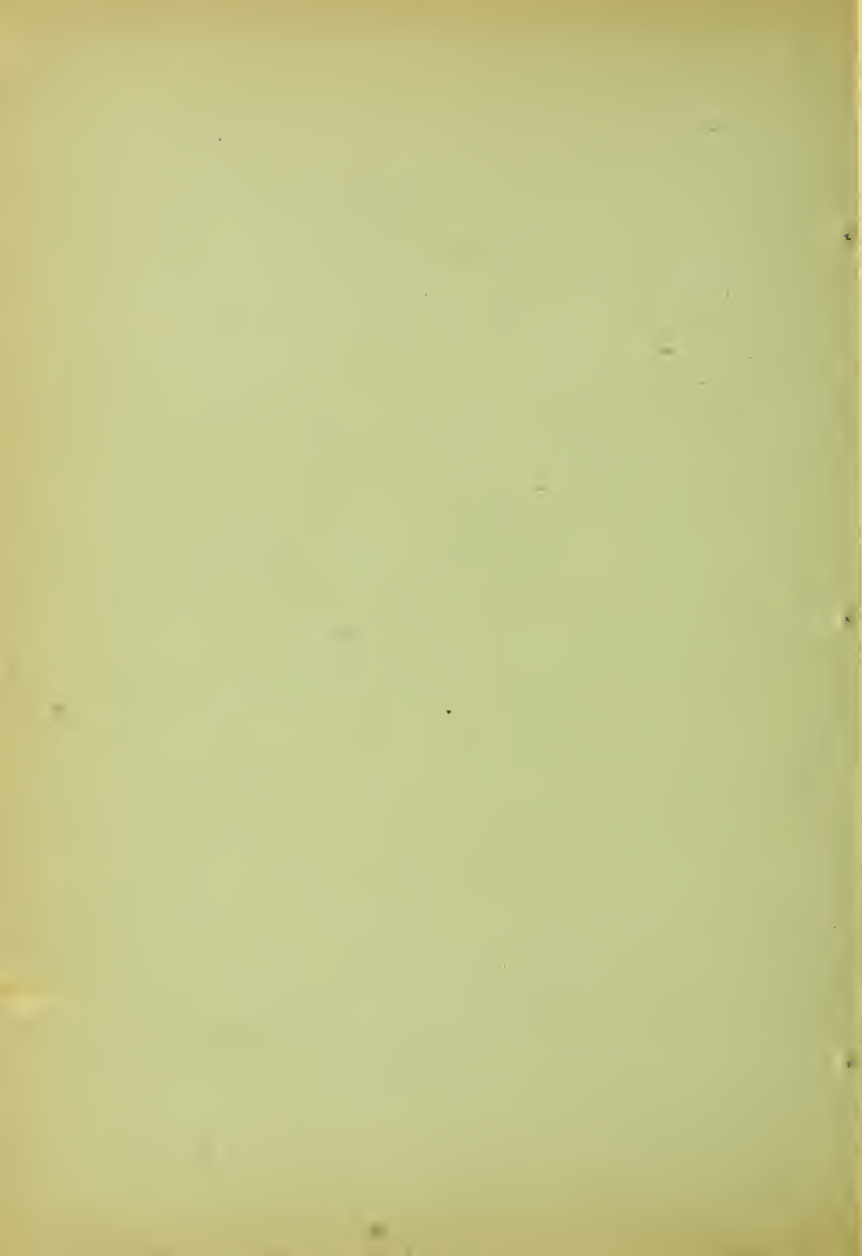
 Oh, Marco fair,
 With golden hair,
 A light to me from heaven gleams!
 I leave the statue of my dreams."

THE SEWING MACHINIST.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, from early morn 'till night;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch, 'till daylight's out of sight.
 Worry — worry with shuttle, needle and thread;
 Worry, worry, worry, earning one's daily bread —
 With the machine!

Stitch, stitch, hem, gather, ruffle and fell —
 H!st! there is some one ringing the bell;
 'Tis another great bundle of work
 That makes my nerves go jerkety jerk.
 Stop the machine!

A bridal costume, I must confess,
 Come my aching, sleepy, eyes to bless.
 There's flounces and tucks, and tucks and flounces,
 A sleepless night to me announces.
 Start the machine!



Hark! there's another ring at the door —
'Tis not a roll of work as before;
"An attorney, Miss, come to relate
That you inherited a large estate."
Lock the machine!

EDITH;

Or Beauty in the Arms of Death.

We saw her in the morning bright
When the dew was on the flower,
With her sweet face all wreathed in smiles
And bewitching in their power.

We saw her at the hour of noon —
A golden sun was shining high
Like a bright and precious jewel
Upon an azure-tinted sky.

But not more beautiful by far
Than Edith's lustrous eyes of brown,
Scintillating in their beauty,
To her admiring friends around.

We saw her in the twilight gloom,
While a mist hung o'er the lea —
It was the starry robe of night
That God intended it to be.

We saw her in the midnight hour,
With Nature, wrapt in one sweet dream,
But never thought that she so soon
Would have to cross the golden stream.

And now we see her—O! how sad
To see dear Edith sleeping there—
Like beauty wrapt in arms of death—
For she was very young and fair.



Thus she crossed the vale of life,
On the verge of woman's sphere
She bid adieu to wordly strife
And to those she loved so dear.

Sleeping upon the bosom of death,
In the very bloom of her youth,
There is still a smile on her face—
The Angels delight her forsooth.

They have read the message of love
That called for a bright starry crown—
'Twas borne by the carrier-dove
With out-spreading wings looking down.

The flowers you place on her grave
Will typify maidenly years;
You treasure their blooming for aye,
And mingle their fragrance with tears.

There is solace for loved ones bereft
Of her youth, and beauty, and love—
A day of uniting again,
And no pangs of parting above.

IN THE PARK AT GRAYSON.

We sit in the park at Grayson
On a mound 'neath a low-bending tree,
And sing by the harp of the zephyrs
With a heart so enchanted and free.
We will drink the waters of Grayson,
So sweet, so pure, so clear in their flow,
That thoughts of their virtue will ever
Sweetly remain wherever we go.

Our talk is the language of Nature,
And the lovers, as onward they go,
Are climbing a hillside of beauty
Where clematis and wild ivy grow.



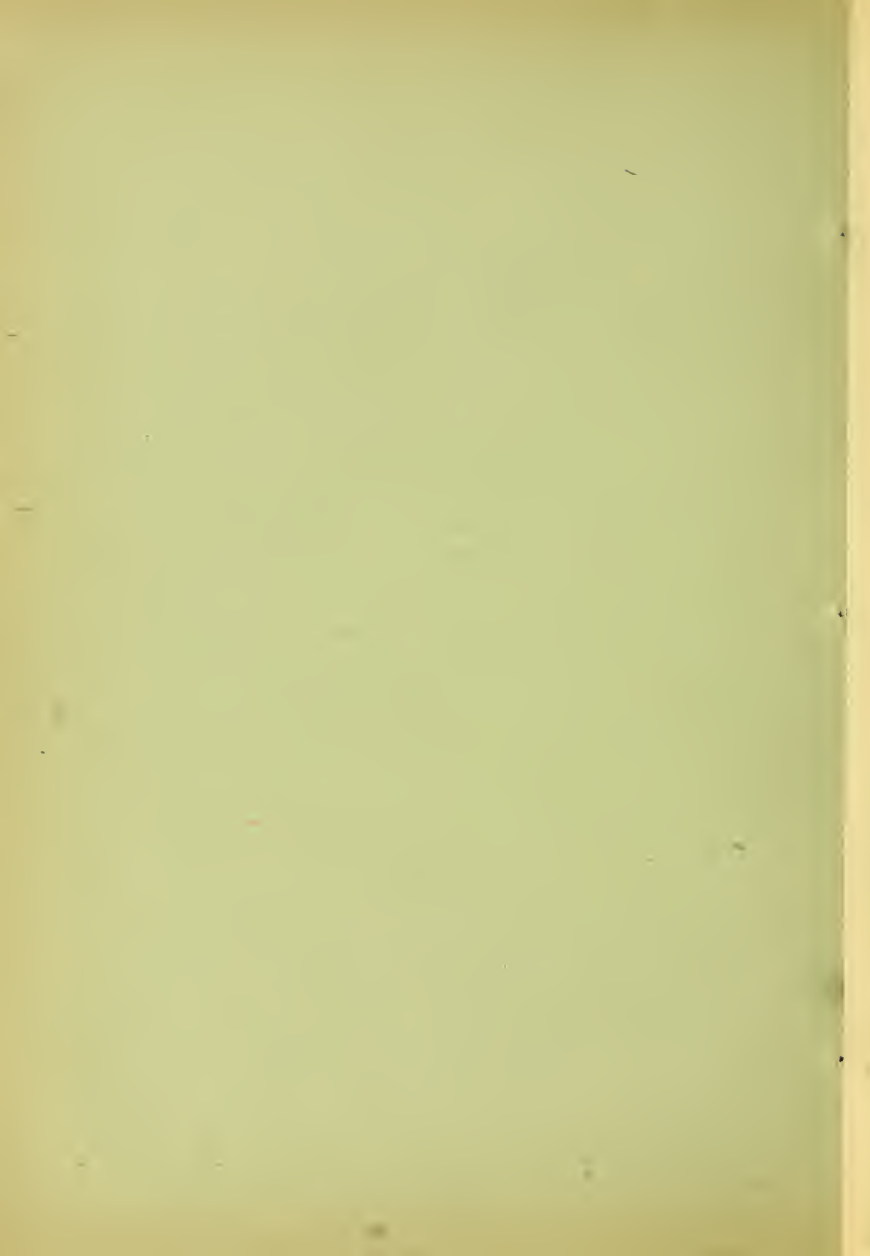
Away! away! on top of the hill
There is shining through quivering trees
A beautiful radiant sunset
Like a sweet rosy blush on the breeze.

There are shades of opal and amber,
Shimmers of topaz, azure and rose—
Glorious feast, for those that clamber
Until the day has drawn to a close,
Collecting the starry-eyed daisy,
And the sweet climbing roses so fair;
And after a sniffing of fragrance,
The flowers are entwined in their hair.

Down the hill to the park they return,
And while drinking from hymenial spring,
Two of the couples, happy and gay,
Steal away for a chat in the swing;
The mantle of twilight has fallen,
Spangled so bright with dewdrops and stars,
And lovers are sighing and sighing,
While they read of their fate in the stars.

Thus we sit in the park at Grayson
On a mound 'neath the beautiful trees;
The whippoorwill's song in the distance,
With the katydid's, floats on the breeze.
O, beautiful picture of Nature,
Your hills and rills and sweet fountain springs,
Wake a beautiful stream in the heart,
From which our pen would evermore sing.





THE HILL-SIDE TRYST.

To the hill-side tryst we go, we go,
Leaving the lovely valley below;
To the hill-side tryst we go, we go,
Where lobelias bloom in rosy glow,
And other bloom of tender hue,
Ope their lips to the morning dew,
Then briefly shine in the golden sun
Like the hope of youth that's just begun.

To the hill-side tryst we go, we go,
Where the gentle breezes blow and blow;
Where butterflies soar on spotted wing,
And honey-bees sip from dewy spring
Their tiny drop from the cuplets sweet
Of scattered flowers around our feet,
Then onward climb in the dewy mist
To a rustic seat—The Hill-side Tryst.

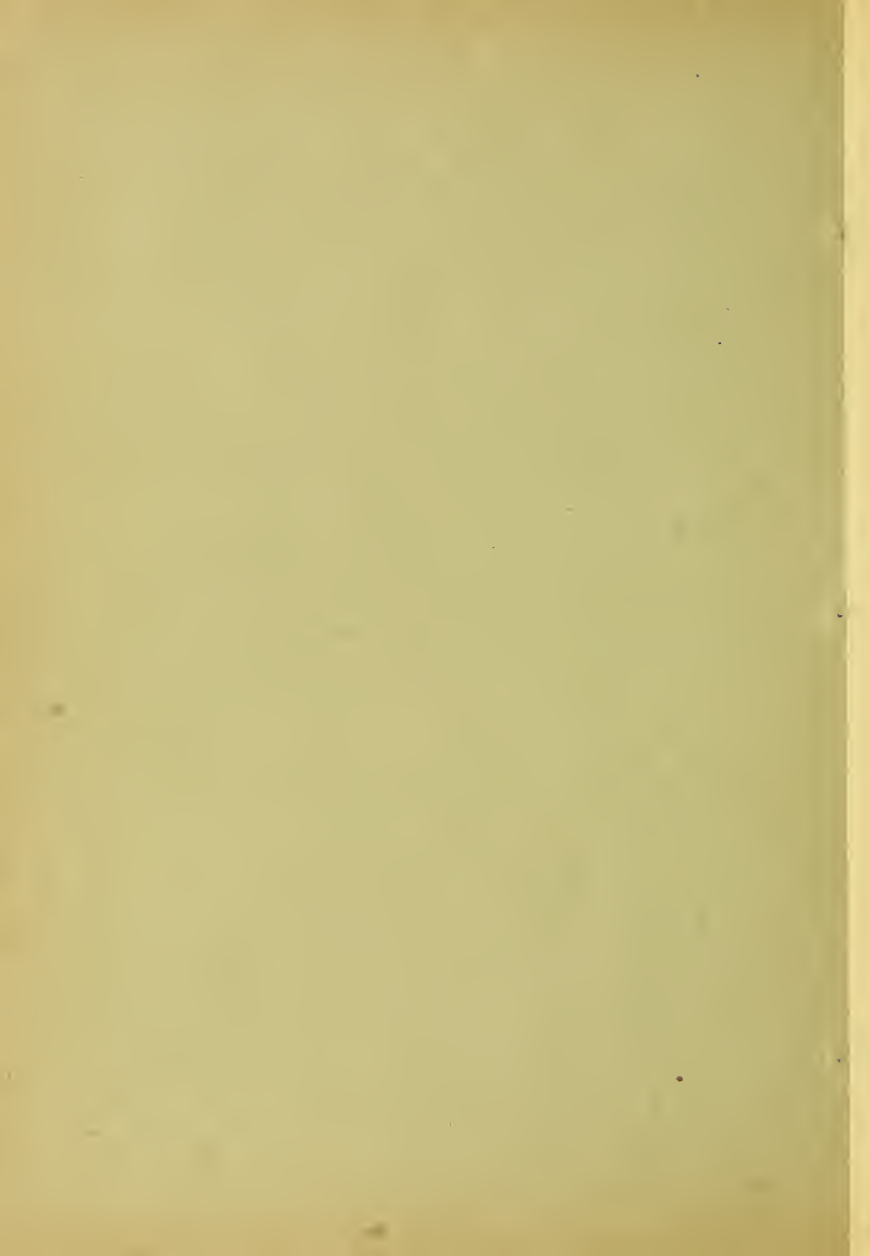
TO WILL.

Oh, well do I remember, Will,
When you and I were young;
The cottage and the trellis, Will,
Whereon the ivy clung.

Oh, those were happy days, dear Will,
Our hearts were young and free,
We knew not what the future, Will,
Had planned for you and me.

The past was seeming bright, dear Will,
When we stood side by side;
You were a handsome youth, dear Will,
And I, a promised bride.

The Lord decreed our fate, dear Will,
The future thus to be;
So let us be warm friends, dear Will,
Unto eternity.



LET THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS BE BURNING.

The leafless trees sway to and fro,
With icy branches bending low,
In joyous time on windy hill,
Then droop to kiss the frozen rill;
Dame Nature smiles at this returning —
When Christmas lights are brightly burning.

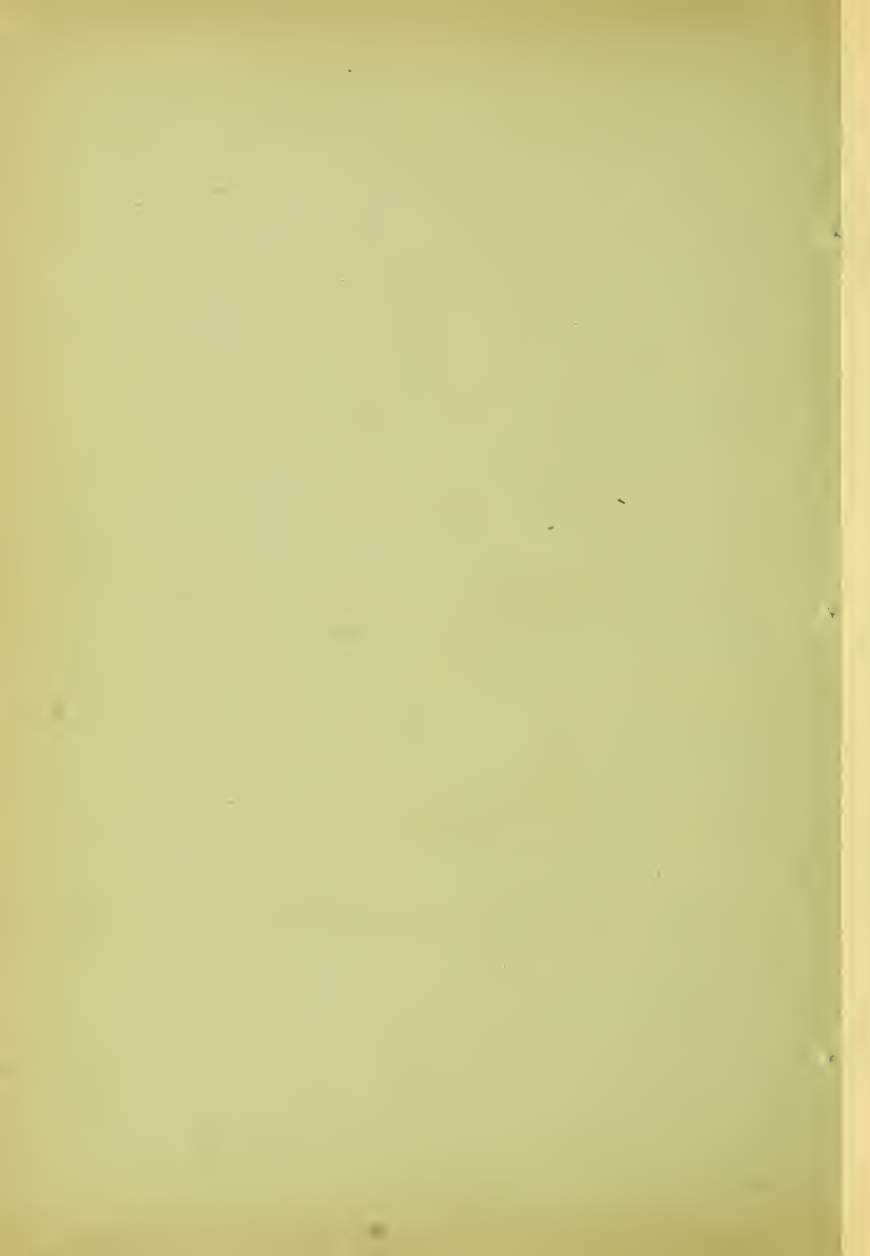
A hamlet on the sloping hill
Is wakened by the windy mill;
The mill-pipe whistles loudly ring,
The slouched millers gayly sing —
There's gladsome in this sweet returning —
O! let the Christmas lights be burning.

The milking maid on homeward way
From where the cows are wont to stray,
Used her pail with a ready will,
And broke for them the frozen rill;
Then sweetly sang on her returning:
"O, let the Christmas lights be burning."

The children, fair and very sweet,
Are gazing out upon the street
With hearts brimful of Christmas joy
While watching every girl and boy,
And Christmas trees await their coming,
With little waxen candles burning.

Some little hearts are very sad,
When they should be so light and glad.
That "STAR" that shed a holy ray,
Shone for them all this festive day —
Tho' some of them are sad and yearning,
The Christmas lights continue burning.

The Chapel bells so loudly ring,
And all the faithful sweetly sing,
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"



And bless the children, rich and poor,
They sung upon their homes returning:
"O, let the Christmas light be burning."

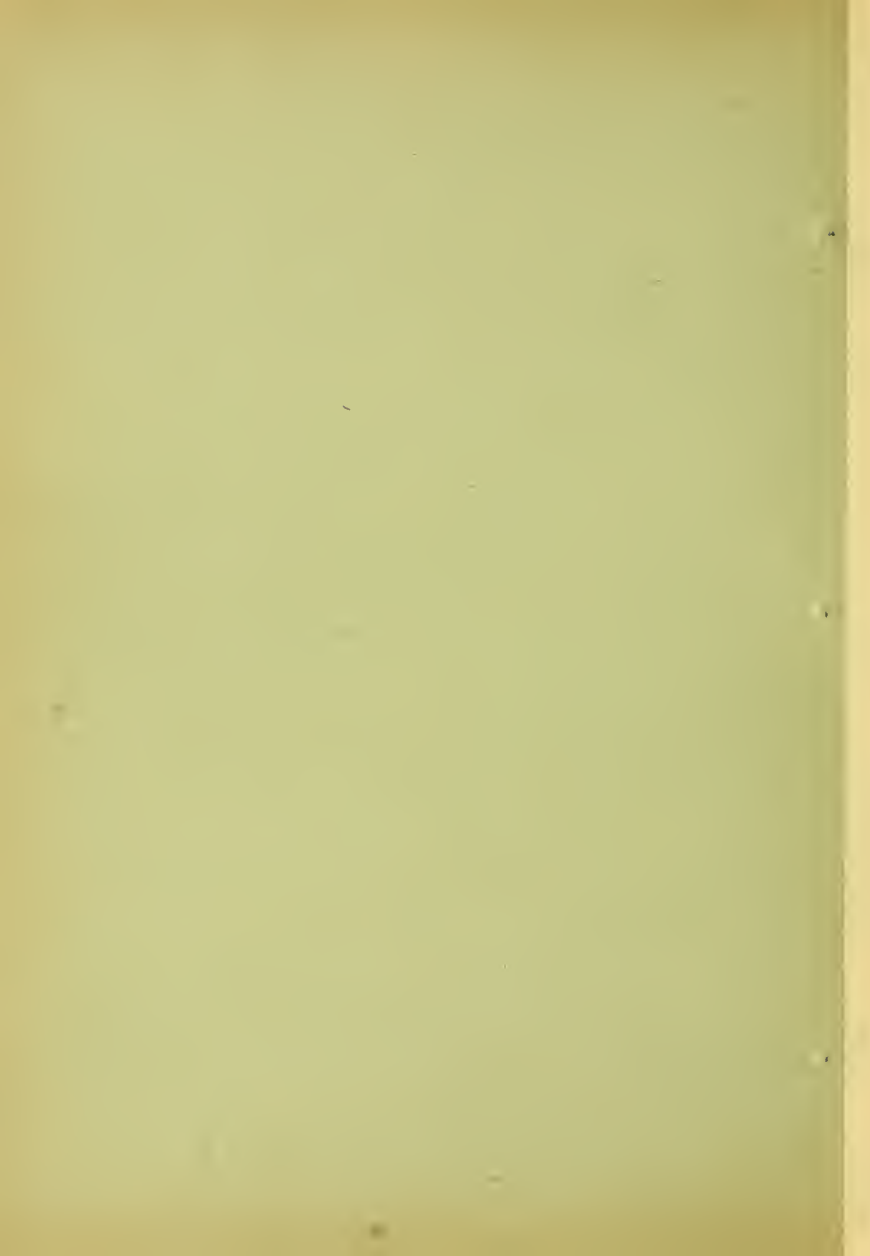
Old age, so near the musty grave,
Says life is like an ocean wave
Washing shells from the sandy shore,
And dropping years from mortal score.
He pro's and con's with plain discerning,
His Christmas lights will soon quit burning.

THE LITTLE TOT'S DRESS.

Do we sigh for our youth? O, yes.
Those days so long, long ago,
When we wore our little tot' dress,
And our little checked pinafore.
We tumbled the old trundle bed
With hearts so brimful of glee;
And then in the morning again,
Would trot upon Grandpa's knee.

Do we sigh for our youth? Oh, yes.
'Tis wrong the truth to deny —
'Twas so nice to help Grandpa feed,
And coax the pigs to the sty;
And to climb the high orchard fence,
Then shake the old apple trees,
And when we came back to the house,
Get whipped for bringing in fleas

Do we sigh for our youth? Oh, yes.
To romp over toys and fight,
When girls wear their little tot dress,
And boys look on with delight.
While plotting to rob a bird's nest,
The eggs to give to us girls,
And bringing along cockle burrs
To tangle up in our curls.



THE SKEPTIC'S SOLILOQUY.

With restless stride he paced the oaken floor,
His tireless theme, as from Pyerean lore,
Discussing parables from Holy Writ,
While furrowed lines upon his brow would knit:

"The world's a sphere where we can breathe and claim
Our fellow-man a thing to praise or blame.
We rulers of the world—the weaker man—
Whose struggling lives are but a fleeting span,
Have claimed the world a rising sea of fears,
With man a contradiction to his peers;
Where many creeds, conflicting by the score,
'Till he becomes a skeptic more and more,
And yet, consistent, in our isms doubt,
And claim that we can take a happy route —
Wrap our souls in the pure white robe of truth,
Exemplifying worthy deeds to youth.
The widow's home, a gloom with want and care,
Needs the lamp of charity lighted there;
Her orphaned children of our fellow-man,
Comfort and console as best we can,
For innocence adrift the world's dark van
Succumbs to snares beset by man."

I looked upon his form of stately power,
With an intellect of giant dower,
And as he walked across the oaken floor,
A part of Holy Writ thus to ignore,
I thought that, if the better way he takes,
And all the squeamishness of man forsakes,
His chances for spirit-rest, where'er it be,
May prove as clear for him as you and me.

LB Ap 30





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 112 535 0

